

THE
MOTTOES
OF THE
SPECTATORS,
TATTLERS
AND
GUARDIANS.

Translated into ENGLISH.



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THE
P R E F A C E.



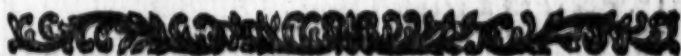
THE Usefulness of this Undertaking is best exprest in the *Spectators* own Words. *Many of my Fair Readers, as well as every gay and well-received Persons of the other Sex, are extreamly perplext at the Latin Sentences at the Head of my Speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with Translations of each of them.*
Spectat. Numb. 370.



THE MOTTOES.

OF THE
Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians.

Translated into ENGLISH, &c.



SPECTATOR, VOL. I.

N^o 1.



H makes Light follow Smoke,
not Smoke the Light,
That he from thence may with
new wonder strike.

2. The same Complaint make
t'other six or more.

3. Thus often, while the Body
lies oppress'd

With heavy Sleep, the Mind seems los'd from rest ;
Because those Images do strike and shake
The airy Soul, as when we were awake.

4. A Man of profound Taciturnity !

5. At such a sight can he forbear to laugh ?

A 2

N^o 6.

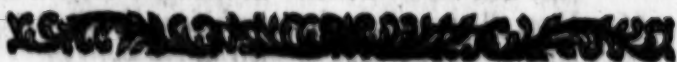
- N^o 6. Had not young Men the hoary Heads rever'd,
Or Boys paid reverence where a Man appeared,
Both worthy death were thought——
7. At Magic Miracles, Hobgoblins, Dreams,
And the Portents of Thessaly do'st laugh?
8. They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds
With Mists their Persons, and involves in Clouds,
That none might see them——
9. Tiger with Tiger, Bear with Bear you'll find
In Leagues offensive and defensive join'd.
10. So the Boats Crew against the Current row,
But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive,
Down with the Flood, with headlong haste they
drive.
11. Clips the Dove's Wings and gives the Vulture,
Course.
12. ———— While thy Mind I free
From these odd Notions——
13. Tell me if thou wert a Lion what kind a one you
would be?
14. Unhappy Man those Monsters quit.
15. Light Minds are taken with little things.
16. I now design to seek what's good and true,
And that alone——
17. Above all a rough Visage.
18. Now our Nobles too are Fops and Vain,
Neglect the Sense, but love the painted Scene;
19. I thank the Gods, who form'd my humble Mind
Lowly and meek, and sparing in Discourse.
20. Having Dog's Eyes.
21. There's room enough for more such Guests.
22. I hate such wild improbable Romance.
23. Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round
Descri'd not him who gave the fatal Wound,
Nor knew to fix Revenge——
24. A Fop came up, by Name scarce known to me,
He seiz'd my Hand, and cry'd, Dear Sir, how d'ye?
25. ———— By being cur'd grow sick.
26. Introducing Death, with equal freedom, greets
The low built Huts, and stately Gates
Of lofty Palaces, and Royal Seats;

- N^o. Be wise, O Sestius! to prolong forbear,
 Since Life is short, thy Hopes and Care :
 The fabled Shades and gloomy State draw near.
27. As Night to those their Mistress fails appears ?
 As Days to Labourers ; and as long the Years ,
 When jealous Mothers curb, too eager Heirs ; }
 So dull and so ingreat my time does flow,
 Which hinders what I hope and Wish to do :
 What done will profit Rich and Poor, what long
 forborn, prove equal harm to Old and Young.
28. Nor does Appollo alwas bend his Bow.
29. The speech thus mixt is sweet and fine
 As Chian mixt with right Falernian Wine.
30. If nothing as Minermus strives to prove,
 Can e'er be pleasant without Sport or Love,
 Then live in wanton Love, thy sports pursue :
31. Grant what I've heard I may relate.
32. No Vizor doth he need, for he is rough,
 And Nature's given him Uglinesq enough.
33. The Graces with their Zones unloos'd,
 The Nymphs their Beauties all expos'd,
 Thy powerful, hot, and winged Boy,
 And Youth that's dull without thy joy,
 And Mercury compose thy Train.
34. From spotted Skins the Leopard does refrain.
35. Nothing is more silly than an ill-tim'd Laugh.
36. We endure terrible Monsters.
37. Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd.
38. Affect not to please too much.
39. A thousand things I suffer to asswage
 The wasping Poets, and to cool their Rage.
40. But lest you think, that I who write no Plays,
 Or envy their design, or poorly Praise ;
 I fairly grant those Poets Wit, that rule
 My Passion as they please, disturb my Soul,
 And then by a short Turn my Thoughts relieve.
 Whose lively Fiction makes me laugh or grieve ;
 Whose well-wrought Scenes, nat'ral and just appear,
 I see the Place, and fancy I am there.
41. Unfound thou'rt found.
42. As when the Winds, dash Waves against the Shore,
 Or lash the Woods, and all the Monsters roar ;

- N^o So great the Shout, when rich and strangely dress'd,
 The Player comes, they clap his gaudy Vest.
 Well hath the Actor spoken? not a Line:
 Why then d'ye clap? Oh, Sir, his Cloaths are fine.
43. To tame the Proud, the fetter'd Slave to free,
 These are imperial Arts, and worthy thee.
44. But then observe——
 This I, and all as well as I expect.
45. The Nation is a Comedy.
46. Where ill-cemented Seeds in Discord jarr.
47. Laugh if thou art wise
48. Through many Shapes he often finds one that will hit
 himself.
49. Our Book favours of the Man.
50. Nature never said one thing and Wisdom another.
51. And turn his Ear from all obscene Discourse.
52. For these thy great Deserts she shall be thine,
 And make thee Father of a happy Line.
53. And sometimes mighty Homer Dreams.
54. A busy Idleness destroys our Ease.
55. Thy Passions lord it in thy Breast.
56. Happy in their Error.
57. What Sense of Shame in such a Breast can lye?
 Innur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly?
58. Poetry should be like Painting.
59. Laboriously idle.
60. ——— Is it for this that you grow pale,
 And miss the Pleasures of a glorious Meal?
61. 'Tis not indeed my Talent to engage
 In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page
 With Wind and Noise——
62. Of writing well these are the chiefest Springs
 To know the Nature and the Use of things.
63. Suppose a Painter should a Canvas spread,
 To draw a Piece, and paint a Woman's Head,
 Then a Mare's Neck, and then from diff'rent things
 Takes different Parts, and cover all with Wings;
 Then a Fish Tail; pursue his senseless Thought,
 And mix the whole Creation in a Draught,
 And all these Parts, in strange proportion, join;
 Would you not laugh to see this wild Design?
 Believe me, Sirs, that Book is like this Piece,

Where

- N^o. Where every part so strangely disagrees.
 Like sick Men's Dreams 'tis strange confusion all.
64. Here all are poor and yet ambitious live.
65. I scorn Tigellius and Demetrius Noise,
 Dull Blockheads ! let them pipe among their Boys,
 And mind their Schools——
66. The blooming Virgin, ripe for Man,
 A thousand wanton Airs displays :
 Train'd to the Dance, her well-wrought Limbs she
 moves,
 And sates her wishing Soul with loose incestuous Loves.
67. She danc'd with an elegance unbecoming Modesty.
68. We two are all——
69. This Ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits :
 That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits.
 A fourth with Grass, unbidden decks the Ground :
 Thus Tmolus is with yellow Saffron crown'd ;
 India, Black Ebon and white Ivory bears,
 And soft Idume weeps her od'rous Tears.
 Thus Pontus sends her Beaver Stones from far ;
 And naked Spaniards temper Steel for War.
 Epirus for th' Elean Chariot breeds,
 (In hopes of Palms) a Race of Running Steeds.
 'Tis th' Original Contract ; these the Laws
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,
 On sundry Places ; ——
70. Sometimes the Judgment of the Mob is right.
71. Love bid me write——
72. Th' immortal Line in sure Succession reigns,
 The Fortune of the Family remains,
 And Grandfires Grandsons the long List contains, }
73. A Goddess sure——
74. The Works unfinish'd lye——
75. All Fortune fitted Aristippus well.
76. We will hear you, as you your Fortune bear,
77. We must not live together, nor is there one in the
 City so near and so far off.
78. While you are thus I wish you were ours.
79. Good Men hate to commit a Fault out of the Love
 they have to Virtus.
80. Those that beyond Sea go, shall find
 They change their Climate only, not their Mind.



VOL. II.

N^o 81.—THE Tigress swells with angry Pride,
And calls forth all her Spots on every
Side.

82. A Head to be sold by Auction.

83. And on the empty Picture feeds his Mind,

84. ————— A Tale like this
Not ev'n the hardest of our Foes could bear,
Or Stearn Ulysses tell without a Tear.

85. A Play exactly drawn, though often rough,
Without the dress of Art to set it off.
Takes People more, and more Delight affords,
Than noisy Trifles, and than empty Words.

86. How difficult it is not to discover Guilt in one's
Countenance!

87. Trust not too much to that enchanting Face.

88. What will the Masters do when thus the Servants
dare?

89 From thee, both old and young with Profit learn, }
The Bounds of Good and evil to discern,
Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn.
And to to-morrow would the Search delay,
His lany morrow will be like to-day.
But is one Day of Ease too much to borrow?
Yes sure! Our yesterday was once to-morrow.
That Yesterday is gone and nothing gain'd;
And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more to-morrow yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task.

Who, like the hindmost Chariot Wheels are curst,
Still to be near but ne'er, to reach the first.

90. In vain he burns like hasty Stubble fires.

91. ————— They rush into the Flame,
For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.

92. One sort not all admire, nor all approve,
A diff'rent Palate is to every Guest.

Nº. What shall, what shall I not provide ?

93. ————— Cut off long Cares
 From thy contracted Span,
 Nor stretch extensive Hopes and Fears
 Beyond a Man ;
 E'en whilst we speak, the envious Time
 Doth make swift haste away ;
 Then seize the present, use thy Prime,
 Nor trust another Day.
94. This it is to live twice, to be able to enjoy our
 first Life.
95. Small Griefs are loud, great ones still ;
96. A frugal Servant to his Master true.
97. Who threw their Souls away.
98. Such Counsel, such delib'rate Care they take
 In Ornaments.
99. Who separates the Good from Bad.
100. ————— A pleasant Friend,
 The dearest thing a Man in health can have.
101. The antient Heroes, though in the blest Abodes,
 Receiv'd when dead, exalted into Gods,
 Yet while they liv'd with Men, and while bestow'd
 The greatest Cares, and did the greatest Good,
 Built Towns made Laws, and brought delightful
 ease
 And civiliz'd the rational Savages ;
 Complain'd that they ingrateful Masters serv'd,
 And met far less Rewards than they deserv'd.
102. The Mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it
 may return to thinking the better.
103. Tho' any Man may hope to do the same,
 Yet let him try and he shall sweat in vain :
 Idle his Labour, fruitless all his Pain.
104. With such Array Harpalyce bestrode
 Her Thracian Courser —————
105. Not to be addicted too much to any one thing, I
 take to be the most excellent Rule of Life.
106. Here to thee shall Plenty flow,
 And all her Riches show,
 To raise the Honours of the quiet Plain.
107. The Athenians rais'd a noble Statue to the Memory

N^o of *Æsop*, and placed a Slave on a Pedestal that all might know the way to Honour was open to all.

108. Puffing hard, and making much to do about nothing.
109. Without Rule wife.
110. The Soul was full of Horror and Affright,
And dreadful ev'n the Silence of the Night.
111. Among the Academick Sect to seek for Truth,
112. First to the Gods thy humble Homage pay,
The greatest this, and first of Laws obey.
113. Their Looks are deep imprinted in my Mind.
114. The Shame and Fear of been poor.
115. A healthful Body and Content of Mind.
116. ——— Cythæron loudly calls
And thy Hounds Taygetus ———
117. They fancy for themselves their Dreams,
118. The deadly Dart within his Side is fix'd.
119. Fool that I was I thought Imperial Rome
My Melibe like Mantua ———
120. I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls inspir'd.
121. For all is full of Jove.
122. A pleasant Companion in a Journey is as good as
a Coach.
123. Yet the best Blood by Learning is refin'd,
And Virtue arms the solid Mind;
Whilst Vice, will stain the noblest Race,
And the paternal Stamp efface.
124. A great Book is a great Evil.
125. Embrace again brave Youths, be Foes no more,
Nor stain your Country with her Native Gore.
126. Rutulians Trojans are the same to me.
127. How vain the Bent of our Desires!
128. A jarring Harmony.
129. Who like the hindmost Chariot wheels art curst,
Still to be near, but not to reach the first.
130. Hunting their Sport, and plundering was their
Trade.
131. Again ye Woods adieu.
132. He who, either doth not see what is proper at that
time, or talks too much, or boasts of himself, or
mindeth not with whom he is, that Man is said
to be a Fool.

133. And who can grieve too much? what time shall
Our Mourning for so dear a Friend? (end
134. And I am call'd Help-bringer thro' the World.
135. It must be short to make the Sense to flow.
136. ——— More than a Parthian false.
137. But these things were always free to Servants,
and at their Option, to fear, to rejoice, to
grieve, &c. when they themselves think fit,
and not another.
138. He uses unnecessary Witnesses, in a Cause which
is not doubtful.
139. A true Glory takes root, and propagates, all
feign'd things, like Flowers, dye quickly, nor
can any thing feigned, be of long Duration.
140. This way and that she turns her anxious Mind.
141. There is no farther pleasure in hearing.
142. ——— A Bond unbroken holds ———
143. To enjoy Life, is not only to live, but to be in
Health.
144. You shall know what a Critick I am in Beauties,
145. Riches make amends for Folly.
146. No Man was ever truly great, without some di-
vine Influence.
147. Pronounciation is a just Moderation of the Voice,
the Countenance, and the gesture.
148. Eas'd of one Grief Afflictions Load grows less.
149. At his pleasure he makes a man either mad or
in his Senses, in Health or not in Health, in Fa-
vour or Disgrace.
150. ——— The worst is this,
Want is the Scorn of every wealthy Fool,
And Wit, in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.
151. When Pleasure is predominant, all the greatest
Virtues of course must give way.
152. Like leaves on Trees, the Race of man is found,
Now green in Youth, now with'ring on the ground,
153. Nature has a Modus of living as well as of all o-
ther things; but old Age is the winding up of
the whole; the Fatigue of which we ought to
avoid, and chiefly when we have enough of it.
154. No Man e'er reached the heights of Vice at first.
155. These Toys will once to serious Mischief fall.

- N^o 156. But you, though perjur'd and forsworn,
Yet still shine out more bright and fair.
157. That Genius only knows, that's wont to wait
On Birth-day Stars, the Guider of our Fate,
Our Natures God, that doth his Influence shed.
158. We know these things are nothing.
159. ————— While I dissolve
The Mists and Films that mortal Eyes involve,
Purge from your Sight the Dross —————
160. No, he alone that Honour claims that writes
With Fancy high, and bold and daring flights;
161. Himself in rustick Pomp on Holidays,
To rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays;
And on the Green his careless Limbs displays.
The Hearth is in the midst; the Herdmen round
The cheerful Fire, provoke his Health in Goblets
crown'd.
- He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the Prize,
The groom his Fellow-Groom at Buts desires;
And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes;
Or stript for wrestling, smears his Limbs with oyl,
And watches with a Trip his Foe to foil.
Such was the Life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his Brother God were bred:
From whom th' austere Etrurian Virtue rose,
And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose,
Old Rome from such a Race deriv'd her Birth.
162. From first to last a due Proportion keep,
Let all the Parts agree and be alike.
163. If I should aid you and relieve your Mind,
Ease you of Care, which anxious now you find,
Would it of Value be to you?
164. ————— What Fury seized on thee,
Unhappy Man! to lose thy self and me?
And now farewell, involv'd in Shades of Night,
For ever I am, ravish'd from thy Sight.
In vain I reach my feeble Hands, to join
In sweet Embraces; ah! no longer thine!
165. But if you would unheard of things express;
And cloath new Notions in a modern Dress,
Invent new Words, we can indulge a Muse,
Until the Licence rise to an Abuse.

- N^o 166. ——— Which not the Rage
Of Jove; nor Fire, nor Sword, nor eating Age
Shall raze ———
167. And Argive Gentlemen, as Stories say,
Did often fancy that he saw a Play,
The Actors dress, and well-wrought Scenes appear,
And clap'd and smil'd in th' empty Theatre.
In all things else he shew'd a sober Mind,
A loving Neighbour, and an honest Friend;
Kind to his Wife, and generous to his Slave,
Nor when he saw the Barrel broach'd wou'd rave,
Would shun an open Well, and dang'rous Pits,
And seem a perfect Man, and in his Wits.
Him when his tender friends, with Cost and Pains
Had cur'd and Physick gently purg'd his Brains,
He cry'd, Ah me, my Friends I am undone,
You've ruin'd me, now all my pleasure's gone;
You have destroy'd, while you design'd to save,
I've lost the pleasant's cheat that man could have.
168. ——— His Mind with friendly Precepts forms.
169. Such was his Conversation, that he was never uneasy upon any occasion, nor would he ever spoil Company, but clos'd with all Humours, never thwarting others, nor assuming too much to himself. And I think, this was the Way to get Reputation, and Friends without envy.



V O L. III.

- N^o 170. **I**N Love are all these Plagues, Affronts, Jars,
Parlies, Wars, then Peace again.
171. Love is a credulous thing.
172. Not only knowledge without Justice, deserves the Name of Cunning rather than Wisdom, but also a mind, ready to encounter dangers, drove on more by its private Views than by Design offerring the Publick, deserves the name of Rash rather than Valiant.

N^o 173.

- N^o 173. — That frightful Monster thence remove,
Whose Looks each Gazer on congeal.
174. — These I did to Memory commend
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend.
175. What House is safe when the next is in Flames?
176. A pretty little Trifler full of Wit.
177. Who can all Sense of other's Ill's escape,
Is but a Brute at best in human Shape.
B'impulse of Nature (though to us unknown
The Party be) we make the Loss our own.
178. Kind to his Wife ———
179. Our grave Men scorn the loose and mere Jocular,
Our youth despise the stiff and the morose;
But he's the Man, — He with a Genius writes,
That takes them both, and profits and delights,
That in one Line instructs and pleases all.
180. The People suffer when the Prince offends:
181. Those Tears our Pity move, we grant him life,
182. It has more of the Bitter than the Sweet.
183. 'Tis our's to speak the truth in Language plain;
Or give the Face of Truth to what we feign.
184. — If the Work be long, Sleep may surprize.
185. Can heav'nly Minds such high Resentment show?
186. Our impious folly dares the sky.
187. Unhappy they ———
By whom thy Charms are seen, but not thy wiles.
188. I am glad to be commended by thee whom all
commend.
189. An Image of his filial love.
190. A new Servant grows ———
191. 'Tis all a Dream.
192. They sell in one and all and sold a hundred fine
things, I warrant ye, what a blessed Father I am
to have such a towardly Son.
193. A Palace with its lofty Gates,
T' admit the Tides of early visitants.
194. With Spleen I burst ———
195. Fools blind to truth, nor know their erring Soul,
How much the half is better than the whole,
How great the Pleasure wholesome Herbs afford,
How blest the frugal and the honest Board.

- N^o 196. We can e'en here, or at Ulubræ find,
If we can have but a contented Mind.
197. He strives for Trifles and for Toys contends;
He is in earnest, what he says, defends:
That I shall not be trusted, right or wrong,
Or be debarr'd the Freedom of my Tongue;
And not bawl what I please / to part with this,
I think another Life too mean a Price.
The Question is, pray what? why which can boast,
Or Docilis or Castor's knowing most,
Or whether thro' Numicum ben't as good,
To fair Brundusium as the Applan Road.
198. We like the Hinde the brinded Wolf provoke,
And when Retreat is Victory.
Rush on tho' sure to dye.
199. Love bid me write——
200. Love for one's Country overcomes all things.
201. One should be devout, but Superstition is a crime.
202. Thy rich Friend better stor'd in all Defects,
And Vice than thee, or hates thee or corrects.
203. Oh, Father Phœbus, if a filial Right
From thee descending, I may truly claim,
Nor Clymene by thee disguise her shame;
Some Token grant——
204. Inviting Coy and slippery Looks,
Coy Looks, too slippery to be gaz'd upon.
205. By Shew of Right we're drawn into a fault.
206. Those that themselves do much deny,
Receive more Blessings from the Sky.
207. Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good; or knowing it pursue.
208. They come to be look'd at.
209. A man cannot take any better Game than a good
Woman, nor any worse than a bad one.
210. I do not know how it is, but there is in all Mens
Minds something like a presage of what is to come
and that is more apparent and stronger in your
brightest Men, and Men of exalted Spirits.
211. Let him remember that we play with Fables.
212. Now lose thy neck from the ignoble Chain
And boldly say,——— I'm free.

- N^o 213. A Mind that's conscious of its Worth and Truth.
 214. To court the Great Ones, and to sooth their Pride,
 Seems a sweet Task to those that never try'd ;
 But those that have, know well the Danger's near.
 215. ——— The Sciences well learn'd,
 Polish the Man and tame his brutal Part.
 216. Troth, Sir, if you could hold out at this rate
 'twould be the best and bravest thing you ever
 did : but if you begin upon the huff, and your
 Heart not serve ye to go through with it ; if
 you faint i' th' Enterprize, and go before you're
 sent for, or so much as reconcil'd, and sneakingly
 tell her, you're so entirely devoted to her as not
 to live an hour without her, your Business is
 done to all intents and purposes, she'll tease you
 to death when she has you at her Mercy.
 217. ——— A general Sound,
 An universal Groan of Lust goes round ;
 Forthen, and only then the Sex sincere is found. }
 218. Take heed of whome you speak, and what it is,
 Take heed to whom ———
 219. Scarce do I count them ours.
 220. Spreads abroad various Rumours.
 221. From the beginning to the end.
 222. Why of two Twins the one his pleasure loves,
 Prefers his Sports to Herod's fragrant Groves.
 223. Sweet Soul ! how good shall I say you were in time
 past when thy Remains are such.
 224. Yet Glory's shining Chariot swiftly draws,
 With equal Whirl the noble and the base.
 225. Nothing is wanting where Prudence is the guide.
 226. A Picture is a mute Poem.
 227. Alas ! what will become of me ! Wretch that I am !
 Will you not hear me, I'll throw off my Cloaths,
 And take a Leap into that part of the Sea,
 which is so much frequented by Olphis the Fi-
 sherman. And tho' I should escape with my
 Life, I know you will be pleas'd with it.
 228. Fly the Inquisitive, they'll talk again.
 229. And Sappho's charming Lyre,
 Preserves her soft Desire,
 And tunes our ravish'd Souls to Love.

N^o 230. Men never come nearer to the divine Nature than
when they are doing good to Mankind.

231. O Modesty ! O Piety ! ———

232. By giving nothing he has got Glory.

233. As if such Remedies would fruitful prove,
To heal our madness, or our Pains remove,
Or there was Pity in the God of Love. }

234. I wish this Error in our Friendship reign'd,

235. Stilling the Noise and Clamour of the Mob.

236. To prescribe Laws for Husbands.

237. A great part of Truth is hid, wanting Light.

238. Please not thy self, the flatt'ring Crowd to hear,
Reject the nauseous Praises of the Time,
Reject what thou art not ———

239. Wars dreadful Wars !

240. Of such Materials every Book is made.

241. ——— She seems alone

To wander up and down through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark ———

242. ——— Comic was thought the easier way,
Because 'tis common Humour makes the Play.

243. You see my Son Marcus, the beauty and complexion
of Honesty, which, if it were to be discern'd
by the Eye, would excite in us (as Plato says)
a wonderful Love of Wisdom.

244. ——— You are call'd a Judge, a Man of Skill

245. Be sure what ever pleasant Tales you tell,
Be so like Truth, that they may serve as well.

246. ——— No am'rous Hero caus'd thy Birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged Rock's hard Entrails gave thee Form
And raging Seas produc'd thee in a Storm
A Soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy Manner, so untam'd thy Mind.

247. ——— A Tide of Talk flows down
Melodious, unrestrain'd ———

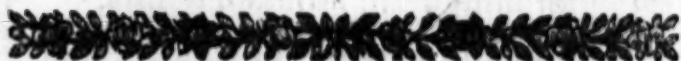
248. It is truly to do a good Office, to assist another
chiefly in that, in which consists his greatest
Want.

249. The Laughter which is unseasonable is foolish.

250. Yet hear what thy unskilful Friend can say,
As if one blind pretends to show the Way ;

Yet

- N^o Yet see a-while, if what is fairly shown,
Be good, and such as you may make your own.
251. — A hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues.
And Throat of Brass, inspir'd with Iron Lungs



VOL. IV.

- N^o 252. **W** And'ring and casting my Eyes all around.
253. I hate a Fop should scorn a faultless
Page,
Because 'tis new, nor yet approv'd by Age.
254. The Love of Vertue is commendable, but Lust
encreaseth Sorrow.
255. Or art thou vain ? Books yield a certain Spell, }
To stop thy Tumour ; you shall begin to swell, }
When you have read them thrice and study'd well }
256. Fame is an Ill you may with ease obtain,
A sad Oppression to be born with Pain.
257. The Eye of Heaven never winks, but is for ever
watchful and employ'd.
258. Divide and rule.
259. That which is becoming is honest, and that which
is honest is becoming.
260. On us each circling Year doth make a Prey.
261. Marriage amongst Men is an Evil much desir'd.
262. 'Mongst what I write no Venom doth appear.
263. I rejoice that, that Man whom it is proper for
me to love, is such, whatever he may have
been, that I now love him by Inclination,
and willingly.
264. — A close Retirement and a Life by stealth.
265. But some object, you teach the Wolf to prey,
And a fresh Stock of pois'nous Juice convey.
Into the Adder's Veins —

- N^o 266. But I've done that which I think I deserve a Statue for ; having shewn this Spark a Way to know all the Tricks and Customs of these common Jilts, and by timely Notice to abhor them for ever after.
267. Let the Roman and the Grecian Bards give place.
268. He cannot bear the Rallery of the Age.
269. Plain Dealing is very scarce in this Age.
270. For what is laught at by the cens'ring Crowd,
Is thought on more than what is just and good.
271. And drew a thousand Colours from the Light.
272. Great is the Injury, the Story long.
273. Observe their Manner well.
274. Now you who wish these base Adult'ers ill,
And Punishment as bad as is their Will,
Must needs be pleas'd to hear my Muse——
275. Three Doses of Hellebore he's took,
Yet is not cur'd——
276. Virtue gives Error no dishonest Name.
277. 'Tis permitted from our Foes to learn.
278. ————— I'd rather chuse
A vulgar Style, and write a lowly Strain.
279. He knows how to give each Person a becoming Part.
280. To please the Great is not the meanest Praise.
281. Anxiously the panting Entrails views.
282. Uncertain Hope of After-Fate.
283. Want prompts the wit, and first gave birth to arts.
284. And I prefer my Pleasure to my Pains.
285. Nor bring a God or Hero down,
Or make a Person grac'd with robe and crown, }
Talk common Talk, and sink into a Clown : }
Or while he doth affect a lofty Height,
Fly up in Bombast, and soar out of Sight.
286. Vice often lies cloak'd under an honest Name.
287. O Mother Earth what a blest Possession do Men reckon thee ?
288. Both Sides feel uneasy Fears.
289. Life's Span forbids us to extend our Cares
And stretch our Hopes——
290. Must leave their Flights, and give their Bombast o'er.

- N^o 291. Where many Beauties shine in what he writes,
 I'll not condemn, tho' some few thoughts appear,
 Which common Frailty leaves, or want of Care.
292. ——— A secret Charm around her flows,
 That does each Motion, every Air compose.
293. Fortune ever fights on the side of good Conduct.
294. It is a hard matter to pay much Regard to that
 Vertue which is dependent intirely on good
 Fortune.
295. But Womankind that never knows a Mean,
 Down to the Dregs their sinking Fortune drain,
 They live beyond their Stint; as if their Store,
 The more exhausted would encrease the more.
296. To add Weight to Trifles.
297. As tho' you'd blame a perfect Beauty for a Mole.
298. Truth is now no more.
299. Some Country Girl, scarce to a Curt'sey bred,
 Would I much rather than Cornelia wed;
 If supercilious, haughty, proud and vain,
 She brought her Father's Triumphs in her Train.
 Away with all your Carthaginian State,
 Let vanquish'd Hannibal without Doors wait,
 Tooburly and toobig to pass my narrow Gate. }
300. ——— Another vice
 Just oppsite, and almost worse than this.
301. The laughing Youths look on and smile,
 To see the Torch in Smoak expire,
 That once set every Breast on fire.
302. ——— The lovely Grief to Pity won,
 And Virtue, grac'd with Beauty, brighter shone.
303. ——— In this Light dares the keenest Eye,
 And bids the Man of Skill severely try.
304. ——— Inspire
 His Soul with Love, and fan the secret Fire.
305. What Arms are these, and to what use design'd?
 These Times want other Aids ———
306. What is her beauty that shereckonson it so much?
307. And what thy strength will bear, and what refuse.
 Consider well ———
308. Soon Lalage shall soon proclaim
 Her Love, nor blush to own her Flame.

- N^o 309 Ye Realms yet unreveal'd to human Sight,
 Ye Gods who rule the Regions of the Night,
 Ye gliding Ghosts, permit me to relate,
 The mystick Wonders of your silent State !
310. In lasting Wedlock I will join them.
311. The Darts of Venus and her Torch he scorns :
 The Fortune charms him, 'tis for that he burns.
312. What Preferment, what Praise, what Honour
 will be sufficient for him to obtain with bodily
 Pain, who imagines Pain to be the greatest
 Evil ? and even who would not endure Igno-
 miny and Disgrace to avoid Pain, if he judge
 Pain to be the greatest of all Evils !
313. So form the tender Manners of the Boy,
 And work him like a waxen Babe with Art.
314. Then leave your Mother's cold Embrace,
 Since you are grown mature for Man's.
315. Nor God be nam'd unless for weighty Cause.
316. Freedom which came at length, tho' slow to come,
 Long slighted by me.
317. ——— Born to eat and drink.
318. Every Man cannot do every thing.
319. What Chain can hold this varying Proteus fast ?
320. Unhappy Feast unblest'd with Juno's Care ;
 Nor were the Graces, nor was Hymen there,
 The Furies spread the fatal bed at Night.
321. Nor is it enough that Poems please the Ear,
 They should please true Taste.



VOL. V.

- N^o 322. IT cramps our Souls with dull contracting Woe.
323. One while a Man, another while a Wo-
 man.
324. Bears with Bears agree.
325. Ah why do you try to grasp an empty Shade,
 Thy own warm Blush within the Water glows ;
 With thee the colour'd Shadow comes and goes ;
 It's

- N^o It's empty being on thy self relies,
 Step thou aside, and the fell Charmer dies.
326. A Tow'r of Brass, Gates strong and barr'd,
 And watchful Dogs suspicious guard
 From creeping night Adulterers.
 That sought imprison'd Danae's Bed,
 Might have secur'd one Maidenhead,
 Had not ———
327. A larger Scene of Action is display'd.
328. Delighted with unaffected Plainness.
329. Thither we must go, where Numa and where
 Ancus went before.
330. Children do our greatest Reverence claim.
331. And to your hold a bushy Beard presents.
332. Not able to bear the severe Jest of these Men.
333. And to Contention calls the Gods.
334. You would recommend each of us, in his way, as
 a second Roscius, and take notice not only of
 those Excellencies which deserve Praise, but
 ascribe ev'n that which deserves Censure to an
 agreeable Pride.
335. Study the Manners and the Lives of Men,
 And thence by Immitation form the Scene.
336. The old ones straight will cry the Youngster's
 proud,
 He's impudent, nor thinks those Plays exact,
 Which Roscius and grave Æsop us'd to act :
 Because they judge by their own Appetites
 And think nought right but what their Taste de-
 lights,
 Perhaps all junior Judgments they disdain,
 Or scorn to think what once they learnt was
 vain,
 And only fit to be forgot again. *Each.*
337. The Jockey trains the young and tender Horse.
 While yet soft-mouth'd he breeds him to the Course.
338. Nothing was ever so unlike it self.
339. ——— From thence the Seeds of Nature came,
 Thence sprung this globe the world's eternal frame;
 The tender Soil then stiffning by degrees,
 Shut from the bounded earth the bounding Seas.
 Thence earth and Ocean various Forms disclose.

- No 340 Who is this Stranger in our Palace seen?
How great in Arms, of what a godlike Mien?
341. Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care.
342. It is peculiar to Justice not to do wrong, and to Modesty not to offend.
343. From Seat to Seat the wandering Spirit strays,
From Man to Beast at certain Times it roams,
Thence back to Man its former Mansion comes.
344. ——— Whose sole Bliss is eating.
345. A nobler Creature yet was undesign'd.
Of higher Pow'rs and more exalted Mind;
Of Thought capacious; whose imperial Sway,
The lower mute Creation must obey.
Then Man was made———
346. I prefer an habitual Benignity before a Prodigality in Gifts. The one is peculiar to great and wise Men; the other to such as court the Mob, and would win upon their Levity, by tickling their Vanity.
347. Whence all this Rage, and whence this Thirst of War?
348. What, would you your Virtue leave to live exempt from Envy?———
349. They whom the worst of Terrors cannot move,
The Fear of Death; with cheerful Hearts can go
To meet a naked Sword, or armed Foe,
And dare their Fate———
350. That Elation of the Mind which is perceived in Danger, is but of a Bastard-kind and vicious, not proceeding from Justice, but Self-interest.
351. On this Basis the whole Structure rests.
352. If we are born to be honest, Honesty is alone to be fought after, or certainly a greater Stress should be lay'd upon it than any thing else.
353. Nor small the Labour of an humble Theme.
354. Such Affectation all your Vertues stains.
355. No one is wounded in the Lines I write.
356. ——— The Gods will give us what we want,
What's fittest for us, they the best can tell,
Oh! that we lov'd our selves but half so well.
357. At such a Tale who can forbear to weep?
358. A well-tim'd Frolick.

- N^o 359. The greedy Lionsess the Wolf pursues ;
 The Wolf the Kid, the wanton Kid the Browze.
360. The Man that's silent, nor proclaims his Want.
 Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint.
361. Stretches his Voice when all the House around,
 Trembles and quakes at the infernal sound.
362. From th' Toper's praise his love of Wine appears.
363. All Parts resound with Tumult, Complaints and Fears.
 And grisly Death in sundry Shapes appears.
364. A busy Idleness destroys our Ease,
 We ride and Sail to seek for Happiness.
365. But chiefly in the Spring,
 For with the Spring the genial Warmth returns.)
366. Me where no Sun appears convey,
 Remote from Summer's chearful Ray ;
 Love and the Nymph shall ease my Toils,
 Who softly speaks, and sweetly smiles.
367. Spare a few Sheets already doom'd to dye.
368. It is a Duty, when a Child is Born,
 In pity of its future Woes to mourn:
 But when in Death's kind Arms his Labours cease,
 We shou'd rejoyce to see a Friend in Peace.
369. Things only told, though of the same degree,
 Do raise our Passions less than what we see.
370. The whole World acts the Player.
371. Do you commend or praise, because a single Sage,
 Did laugh ?
372. Shame that this Scandal should disgrace my Name,
 And no refuting Truth assert my Fame.
373. Vice oftentimes deceives in Virtue's Cloak.
374. Accounting nothing done while yet apart
 Unfinish'd lies.
375. He is not number'd with the Blest,
 To whom the God's large Stores have giv'n ;
 But he who of enough possess
 Can wisely use the Gifts of Heav'n,
 Who fortune's Frowns unmov'd can bear
 And th' hated Weight of Poverty,
 Who more than Death doth Baseness fear.
376. From Pythagoras a Peacock.
377. What each should fly is seldom known,
 We unprovided are undone.

N^o 378. Now is the Time to ready honours move.

379. A Man's Knowledge is worth nothing without he communicates it to the World; for Science is not Science 'till reveal'd.

380. Patiently your Rival bear.

381. An even Mind in every State,
Amidst the Frowns and Smiles of Fate,
Dear mortal Delius always show.
Let not too much of cloudy Fear,
Nor too intemp'rate Joys appear,
Or to contract, or to extend thy Brow.

382. The Criminal confesses his Guilt.

383. To Crimes they owe their Gardens.

384. See Spectator.

385. Two Souls in Friendship join'd.

386. To live with the sorrowful reservedly, with the merry jocosely, with the old gravely, with the young complaisant.

387. What calms the Mind.

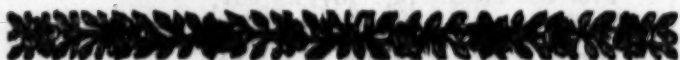
388. For thee my tuneful Accents will I raise,
And treat of Arts disclos'd in antient Days,
Once more unlock for thee the sacred Spring.

389. Our grave Forefathers taught us better things.

390. We ought to fly the Name of Impudence, not by being ashamed, but by avoiding that which doth not become us.

391. Pray! for thy Pray'rs the Test of Heav'n will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty Men of Rome,
Big twell'd with Mischief to the Temples come,
And in low Murmurs, and with costly Smoak,
Heav'n's Help to prosper their black vows, invoke
So boldly to the Gods Mankind reveal,
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good Fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me just:
Thus much the Rogue to publick Ears will trust:
In private then:—When wilt thou mighty Jove,
My wealthy Uncle from this World remove?
Or—O thou Thunderer's Son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous Deity would please
To guide my Rake, upon the chinking Sound,
Of some vast Treasure hidden under Ground!

- N^o 392. A free and daring Spirit mounts the starry Pole,
Tries ev'ry Path, and mingles with the Gods his Soul.
393. Seiz'd with a more than usual Joy.
394. It is well observ'd, that these things are acceptable
to young Men and Women with the Vulgar, and
such sort of People as the lower are ; but to a
grave Man, that weighs every thing with Judg-
ment, they can by no means be approvable.



V O L. VI.

- N^o 395. **W**Hat is Reason now, before was Force.
396. It is English out of Greek and Latin.
397. Grief with Eloquence the Tongue inspir'd.
398. There's Method in your Frenzy, and you're mad
by Rule.
399. None, none descends into himself to find,
The secret Imperfections of his Mind.
400. There's a Snake in the Grass.
401. In Love are all these Plagues, Affronts, Jealousies,
Jars, Parlies, Wars, then Peace again.
402. Which the Spectator to himself doth yield.
403. Who has seen the various Customs of Mankind.
404. 'Tis not every Man that can do every thing.
405. With Hymns divine the joyous Banquet ends,
The Poëms lengthen'd 'till the Sun descends :
The Greek restor'd, the grateful Notes prolong ;
Apollo listens, and approves the Song.
406. This Kind of Study cherishes Youth, delights old
Age, is an Ornament in Prosperity, and yields
Comfort in Adversity, delights at home, and hin-
ders not abroad ; it is our Bedfellow, our Fel-
low-traveller, and retires with us into our Coun-
try Solitudes.
407. No Gesture does his Eloquence adorn.
408. The Passions of the Mind ought neither to be too
much exalted, nor servilely depressed.

N^o 409.

N^o 409

To hit

Each Subject with the best Address and Wit.

410. When they're abroad forsooth, none so cleanly,
 none so modish, and genteel, none so delicately
 neat as they: when their Ladyships feast with
 their Gallants, they feed as nicely as possible:
 But to see the insatiable Gluttony, the vile Nas-
 tinefs, the griping Penury of these filthy Jades
 at home, how greedy of a Crust, how eagerly
 they slabber and sops upon Brown-George out of
 stinking Pottage, to know all these before-hand,
 may be the saving of a young Man,
411. The Muses close Retreat I wander o'er,
 Their unacquainted Solitudes explore,
 At the Spring-head it charms me to be first,
 And in th'untainted Stream to quench my Thirst.
412. The Work thus divided becomes short.
413. The Cause is hid, but the Pow'r is known.
414. Each by it self is vain, I'm sure, but join'd,
 Their Force is strong, each proves the others Friend.
415. Next add our Cities of illustrious Name,
 Their costly Labour and stupendous Frame.
416. Because the Objects which we fancy in our Mind
 represent what we see with the Eye.
417. The Youth, whose Birth the kindly Muse,
 With an indulgent Aspect views,
 Shall neither at the Barrier shine,
 Nor the Olympick Garland win, &c.
 But Tibur's Streams, and verdant Glades,
 The limpid Spring and gloomy shades,
 Shall fill his never dying Lays,
 And crown him with immortal Praise.
418. And Myrrh instead of Thorns shall grow.
419. A most pleasant Delusion.
420. And force the hearer's soul which way they please.
421. And sought fresh Fountains in a foreign Soil;
 The Pleasure lessen'd the attending Toil.
422. I have writ this not thro' the Abundance of Lei-
 sure, but of Love towards thee.
423. Lately fit.
424. ————— Ev'n at Ulubra you'll find,
 If you can have but a contented Mind.

28 SPECTATORS, &c.

- N^o 425 The Spring, the Winter, Summer wafts the Spring,
And Summer's Beauty's quickly lost,
When drunken Autumn spreads her drooping Wing,
And next cold Winter creeps in Frost.
426. O! sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold,
What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold?
427. As you would avoid licentious deeds, avoid too much
Liberty in your Words.
428. The Devil take the hindmost.
429. From Cheats of Words the Vulgar brings,
To real Estimate of things.
430. ——— The Crowd replies,
Go seek a Stranger to believe thy Lies.
431. What is there in Nature so dear as a Man's own
Children to him?
432. But gabbles like a Goose amongst the Swan-like
Quire.
433. See Martial Frogs in Homer's lofty Vein,
And learn to smile on my more trifling Strain.
434. So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody Billows rowl'd;
Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their Maiden Queen;
Such to the Field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce Virgin when the Grecians fled;
With such return'd triumphant from the War,
Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Carr;
Then clash with manly Force their moony Shields,
When Female Shouts resound the Phrygian Fields.
- Dryden.
435. A double form not two, nor Maid, nor Youth,
Appear distinctly; neither and yet both.
436. With Thumbs bent back they popularly kill.
437. Shall you go unpunished for this? Are you come
here to inveigle and trapan raw young Gentle-
men? and to feed their Fancies with fine Flams
and gay Promises? Then you make Matches be-
tween them and their Whores together?
438. ——— Curb thy Soul
And check thy Rage, which must be rul'd or rule.
439. Some carry Tales; each in the telling grows,
And every Author adds to what he knows.

N^o 440. If you cannot live aright, depart from the Wife.

441. The final Doom and dreadful Crack,
Cannot his Courage move.

442. The unlearned and the learned write.

443. ————— But when gone
Wish and gaze after it with longing Eyes.

444. Mountains are teeming.

445. You say you are not such, you're wise Lupercus,
when you say so.

446. Both what becomes, and what doth not,
Where Virtue dictates, or where Vice indites.

447. For Custom of some date my friend, foregoes
Its proper Shape, and second Nature grows.

448. Much greater Guilt in time you'll dare.

449. A Book compil'd for modest Matron's Eyes.

450. ————— Gold must first be sought,
Then Virtue —————

451. Now Raillery usurp'd the Place of Wit,
Good Persons were abus'd and suffer'd Wrongs:
They loudly talk'd, no Law to curb their Tongue.

452. 'Tis the greedy Nature of Mankind after Novelty.

453. On new uncommon Pinions born
I rise —————

454. Ah! let me alone that I may indulge my self one
Minute.

455. I like a Bee with Toil and Pain,
Fly humbly o'er the flow'ry Plain,
And with a busy Tongue,
The little Sweets with Labour gain.

456. An eminent Man can never be silently ruin'd.

457. ————— Promising things wonderful and great.

458. An unbecoming Shame,
An evil Modesty.

459. What befits the Wise and Good.

460. By shew of Right deluded to a Fault.

461. But I've no Faith in them.

462. ————— A pleasant Friend
The dearest thing in Life a Man can have.

463. What e'er Delights employ our waking Sense,
The same does fancy to our Dreams dispense.
The Hunter when weigh'd down to rest by Toil,
Sports in his Slumbers and pursues the Spoil:

- N^o Racers and Charioteers in Dreams make speed,
 And Judges sum up Evidence in Bed.
 My self so close to my gay Studies keep,
 That oft I am composing in my Sleep.
464. To those that choose the Golden Mean,
 The Waves are smooth, the Skies serene,
 They want the Baseness of the Poors Retreat,
 And envy'd Houses of the Great.
465. How thou may'st live, how spend thine age in peace,
 Left Avarice still poor disturb thine Ease,
 Or Fears should take, or Cares thy Mind abuse,
 Or ardent Hope for things of little Use.
466. And by her graceful Walk a Goddess shows.
467. Whate'er my Genius dares attempt to write,
 Or whether worthy your judicious Sight;
 Or whether Joys beneath your Taste I sing,
 (Beyond that noble Taste no Muse can wing)
 All I devote or to your Praise or Scorn,
 That such a Patron may my Page adorn.
468. He was an ingenious, acute, and sharp Man, one
 who had much Salt and Satyr in him, and no
 less good Humour.
469. To detract from another, and work up our own
 Advantages from our Neighbours Ills, is more
 against Nature than Death, than Poverty, than
 Grief, or ought that can happen, or to the
 Body, or its external Faculties.
470. It is not good to make Difficulties out of mere no-
 thing: and it is the Part of a Fool to labour
 about Fooleries.
471. The wise should employ their Life in future Hopes.
472. A Pleasure and Relief of Pain.
473. Suppose a Man the coarsest Gown should wear,
 No Shoes, his Forehead rough, his Look severe,
 And ape great Cato in his Form and Dress,
 Must he his Virtues and his Mind express?



V O L. VII.

- N^o 474. A Clownish Roughness and improper——
 475. What will Reason or Moderation signify in a
 Case that will bear neither.
 476. A clear Method.
 477. ——— Or airy Frenzyes Cheat,
 My Mind well pleas'd with the Deceit !
 I seem to hear, I seem to move,
 And wander thro' the happy Grove,
 Where smooth Springs flow, and murm'ring Breezes
 Does wanton through the waving Trees.
 478. Use the sole Rule and judge Supreme.
 479. And Rules and Laws for Husbands to prescribe.
 480. Who's proof against the Charms of vain Delight,
 Whom feeble Fortune strives in vain to wound,
 So closely gathered in a perfect round.
 481. Not Byth and Bacchus were a Match so fair,
 Begin their Suit, away to Court they run,
 Both hot——
 482. As Bees suck Sweets from every Flower.
 483. Nor God be nam'd unless for weighty Cause.
 484. Nor has any one so clear a Genius as to emerge
 from Difficulties immediately, unless the Matter
 and Occasion happen to second and assist him in it.
 485. Nothing is so secure as to be free from Danger,
 even from weaker things.
 486. Now you who wish these base Adult'ers ill,
 And Punishment as bad as is their Will,
 Must needs be pleas'd to hear my Muse.——
 487. When wearied Nature is weigh'd down to rest,
 And th' active Soul plays free and un-oppress'd.
 488. What doth it cost ? not much upon my Word,
 How much pray ? why two Groats : Two Groats ?
 Oh Lord !
 489. Vast is the Force of the deep flowing Sea.

- N^o 490. Thy Lands and House and Pleasing Wife.
 491. Returning Fortune with desert has blest.
 492. Whatsoever remains of Good is drown'd in Levity.
 493. Praise none, 'till well approv'd on sober Thoughts,
 Left after you should blush for others Faults.
 494. To what Sect of the Philosophers does it belong to
 cry up the Defects and Affectations of the Mind,
 which challenge our Aversion.
 495. Now like an Oak on some cold Mountain's Brow,
 At every Wound they sprout and grow,
 The Axe and Sword new Vigour give,
 And by their Ruins they receive.
 496. My Son who ought to have an equal Share with
 me or more, since Youth can better relish these
 Enjoyments.
 497. This is an arch old Wag.
 498. Nor Reins nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they
 fear ;
 But force along the trembling Charioteer.
 499. You drive the Jest too far.
 I 500. I have the seventh Daughter, bore the sev'nth Youth,
 Happy am I ? who dares dispute that Truth ;
 Ask then to what my Pride I owe——
 501. 'Tis hard ; But Patience will give Ease
 In all those Ills which Prudence can't redress.
 502. Be it better or worse for them or against them,
 they see nothing but what they list.
 503. From henceforth I blot the whole Female Sex
 from my Thoughts.
 504. You're Man's Meat your self and want a Tit-bit.
 505. I mind not this——for all your Marrian Augurs ;
 Your Village, Market-hunting Fortune-Tellers ;
 Astrologers, Divining-Priests of Isis,
 Or Dream Expounders : For they are not Men
 Inspir'd by Heav'n, or of superior Knowledge ;
 But superstitious, impudent Pretenders,
 Vile lazy Slaves, Madmen or needy Varlets,
 Whose counterfeit Predictions spring from want :
 Know not their own way, yet point out anothers,
 Promising Treasures at a Drachma's Price,
 Then by so much lessen their Client's Stock ;
 And leave them all the rest in Expectation.

- N^o 506. Perpetual Concord bleſs their Nuptial State,
 And Love and Union make their Joys compleat ;
 May ſhe love him in Age, and he behold
 Her, tho' in Years, yet not believe her old.
507. You by Numbers think your ſelves ſecure.
- 508 But all are held and accounted Tyrants, who are
 in a continual Power in that City which is uſed
 to enjoy its Liberty.
509. You've done the Part of a ſtaid and reſerv'd Gentleman.
- 510 If you are wiſe add no more Troubles to thoſe that
 Love has brought on you, but bear what's already beſal'n you like a Man.
511. In ſuch a Crowd who has not found one that he
 likes ?
512. He that at once inſtructs and pleaſes all.
513. When all the God came ruſhing on her Soul.
514. But the commanding Muſe my Chariot guides,
 Which o'er the dubious Cliff ſecurely rides,
 And pleas'd I am no beaten Road to take.
515. Now I'm aſham'd, and troubled to the Soul, that
 he who read me ſo many good Lecture upon
 the Tricks of thoſe Creatures, loſt all his Advice.
516. A Grutch in both, time out of Mind begun.
 And mutually bequeath'd from Sire to Son,
 Religious Spight, and pious Spleen bred firſt,
 This Quarrel which ſo long the Bigots nurſt,
 Each calls the other's God a ſenſeleſs Stock,
 His own Divine : ————— *Dryd.*
517. O Piety ! and oh ! the Faith of old !
518. 'Tis poor relying on another's Fame ;
 For take the Pillars but away, and all
 The Superſtructure muſt in Ruins fall. *Dryd.*
519. Hence Men and Beaſts the Breath of Life obtain,
 And Birds of Air and Monſters of the Main,
520. And who can grieve too much ? what time ſhall end
 Our Mourning for ſo dear a Friend ?
521. The real Face appears the falſe one's gone.
522. I ſwear by all that's ſacred, I'll never leave this
 Creature, (&c. to) granted in Humour we agree.
 He that offers to divide us, I'll have nothing to do with him.
 Death, and nothing but Death ſhall do it.

34 . S P E C T A T O R S, &c.

- N^o 523. Now Lycian Lots, and now the Delian God,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful State,
Of Heav'nly Pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
524. We give it to the Crowd——
525. But Love, that leads to Temp'rance and Virtue,
Should be Mankind's Ambition——
526. ——— Stronger pull the Reins.
527. You will easily find one more wicked and immoral
But a better neither will you find, nor does the
Sun behold——
528. Long he with Fortitude his Groans restrains.
529. Give each thing its due Place aright,
530. Fair and ugly, false and true,
All to great Venus Yoke must bow:
Such Pleasure in our Pains she takes,
And laughs to see what Sport she makes.
531. ——— Whom Gods and Men obey,
Who guides the Earth, and Sea and fleeting Years,
He claims the first and highest Place,
Nothing so great, so wise above,
None second is.
532. I'll play the Whetstone, useles and unfit
To cut my self, I'll sharpen others Wit.
533. Well, says he, if one is not enough, you shall have
two; And if you are not content with those,
e'en double them.
534. ——— We seldom find
Much Sense with an exalted Fortune join'd.
535. Contract the Hopes——
536. Phrygians by Nature, tho' not so by Name.
537. For we are Men of Quality.
538. Beyond the End to spin the Work.
539. They are Hyteroclyte.
540. Another is not wanting.
541. 'Tis Nature still that doth the Change begin,
She fashions and she forms our Souls within,
To all the changes and the Turns of Fate,
Now screw our Mind to an unusual Height,
And swells us into rage, our bending low,
She cramps our Souls with dull contracting Woe.
She

- N^o She makes us stoop beneath a weighty Wrong,
Then tells the various Passions with her Tongue.
542. And laughs to hear himself prefer'd before himself.
543. All are not like, nor yet unlike.
544. Never did Man cast up the Business of his Life so exactly, but still Experience, Years and Custom will bring in some new Particular, that he was not aware of, and shew his Ignorance of what he thought he knew, and a new Trial make him reject his former Opinions.
545. 'Tis better ended in a lasting Peace,
And join'd for e'er in hymeneal Bands.
546. Laying every thing open, so that what the Seller knows, the Buyer may by no means be ignorant of.
547. Suppose you had a Wound, and one had shew'd
An Herb, which you apply'd but found no Good,
Would you be fond of this? increase your Pain,
And use the fruitless Remedy again?
548. There's none but hath some Fault, and he's the best,
Most virtuous he that's spotted with the least.
549. Although confounded by the Retirement of my old Friend, I cannot but commend him.
550. What did he worth a Gape so large produce.
551. And hence the Poets got their first Repute.
552. For those are hated that excel the rest,
Altho' when dead they are belov'd the best.
553. Once to be wild is no such foul Disgrace,
But 'tis so, still to run the frantick Race.
554. New ways I must attempt, my groveling Name
To raise aloft, and wing my Flight to Fame.
555. Reject what thou art not.



V O L. VIII.

N^o 556 S^O shines, renew'd with Youth the crested Snake,
Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake:
And casting off his Slough when Spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns,
Restor'd

- N^o Restor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent sides
 Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides,
 High o'er the Grass, hissing he rowls along,
 And banishes by Fits his forky Tongue.
557. For much he fear'd the Tyrians double Tongu'd,
 And knew the Town.——
558. Whence comes, my Lord, this general Discontent,
 Why do all loath the State that Chance has sent.
 Or their own Choic^e procur'd? But fondly blest
 Their Neighbours Lots, and praise what they possess?
 The weary Soldier now grown old in Wars,
 With bleeding Eyes surveys his Wounds and Scars,
 Curse that e'er I the Trade of War began,
 Ah me! the Merchant is a happy Man.
 The Merchant, when the Winds are high,
 Cries happy Men at Arms, for why, (tory. }
 You fight and streight comes Death or joyful Vic- }
 The Lawyers wak'd, and rising with the Sun
 Cries, happy Farmers that can sleep 'till Noon.
 The weary'd Client thinks the Lawyer blest,
 And craves a City Life, for that's the best.
 So many instances in every state,
 Would tire e'en bawling Fabius to relate.
 But to be short, see I'll adjust the thing,
 Suppose some God should say, I'll please you now,
 You Lawyer leave the Bar, and take the Plough;
 You Soldier too shall be a Merchant made,
 Go, go, and follow each his wish'd for Trade.
 How? what? refuse? and discontented still?
 And yet they may be happy if they will?
559. Now would not this vex Jove, and make him rage?
 Hath he not reason now to scourge the Age?
 And angry swear he'd never hear again?
560. ——— Reiterates the broken Sounds and strives to
 speak.
- [561. New moulds her heart, and blots her former Care,
 The dead is to the living Lord resign'd,
 And her new Love possesses all her Mind.
562. That you may be absent while present.
563. A Shadow of a mighty Name——
564. Let Rules be fixt that may the Rage contain,
 And punish Faults with a proportion'd pain:

And

- N^o And do not flea him, who deserves alone
A Whipping for the Fault that he hath done.
565. For God the whole created Mass inspires
Through Heav'n and Earth, and Ocean's Depth he
throws
His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.
566. Love is a kind of Warring.
567. The Cry begun deceives their Gaping Throats.
568. When you rehearse my verse, it is not mine but thine.
569. Kings (thus says Story) that of old design'd,
To raise a Fav'rite or a Bosom Friend,
Did ply him hard with wine, unmask his thoughts,
And shew him naked and with all his Faults.
570. Sonorous Trifles.
571. Beyond Heav'n what wou'd we seek?
572. Physicians promise what belong to them.
573. ——— They fly in the Face of Correction.
574. He is not number'd with the blest
To whom the Gods large stores have giv'n;
But he who of enough possesseth,
Can wisely use the Gifts of Heav'n,
Who Fortune's Frowns with Patience bears,
And the worst Ills the Gods can send,
575. Nor that there is a Place for Death.
576. Full against these I steer my constant Course,
And conquer theirs with a superior Force,
Repugnant through the World I pass.
577. Can you bear this, and not be mad your self?
578. From Man to beasts at certain times it reams,
Thence back to Man.
579. The Hounds quick Scent.
580. ——— So bold a Figure might I try,
I'd call't the Palace of the Sky.
581. Amongst what you now read, there are some good,
some but so so, but more bad.
582. The Charms of Poetry our Souls bewitch,
The Curse of writing is an endless Itch.
583. ——— Who mindeth such,
For Slips of Pines may search the Mountain Trees;
And with wild Thyme and Sav'ry plant the Plain.
'Till his hard horny Fingers ach with Pain,

And

- N^o And deck with fruitful Trees the Fields around,
And with refreshing Waters deck the Ground.
584. Come seek what Pleasures in our Complaints abound,
The Woods, the Fountains, and the flow'ry Ground,
Here could I live, and love, and dye with only you.
585. The Mountain Tops unshorn, the Rocks rejoice,
The lowly Shrubs partake of human Voice,
Assenting Nature, with a gracious Nod,
Proclaims him——
586. Whatever Men transact in their Lives, whatever
employs their Thoughts, Cares, Eyes, or waking
Actions, these are the Subjects of their Dreams.
587. I know thee to the Bottom; from within
Thy shallow Centre to the utmost Skin.
588. You say all Goodness and Charity are founded in
Weakness.
589. Not thus restrain'd, he with repeated Blows
And straining Cords the mighty Tree o'erthrows.
590. Time hastes it self perpetually away,
Nor more the fleeting Hours than Tides can stay;
But as one Billow the preceding drives,
And as succeeding that a third arrives;
So fly the rolling Years, and so pursue,
Each others, ever changing, ever new.
What once was manifest, no more we see,
Nor what is present shall hereafter be.
Each Moment is renew'd——
591. Love is my sportive Theme.
592. Art without Nature.
593. Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,
By the Moon's doubtful and malignant Light.
594. He that shall rail against his absent Friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends,
Sports with their Fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty Man;
Tells Tales, and brings his Friends in Disesteem,
That Man's a Knave, do thou beware of him.
595. Not join quite Opposites, the wild and tame,
The Snake and Dove, the Lion and the Lamb.
596. My tender Heart with ease receives a Wound.
597. Th' unburthen'd Fancy plays.

- N^o 598. Will you not now the Pair of Sages praise,
 Who the same end pursu'd by different ways ?
 One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful Times,
 One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes.
599. All Parts resound with Complaints and Fear.
600. Stars of their own, and their own Suns they know.
601. Man is born to be a Doer of good.
602. This makes 'em pretty Fellows.
603. ——— Lead from the City back, my Charms,
 My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing Arms.
604. Seek not to know what fated End,
 The Gods for you or me intend,
 Nor lend to magick Arts an Ear.
605. Their Wildness lose and quitting Nature's part,
 Obey the Rules and Discipline of Art.
606. She sings to drive the tedious Hours away,
 , And shoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom.
607. With 10 Pæans charm the joyful Air,
 The wisht for Prey is fallen in my Snare.
608. ——— Laughs at the Perjuries of Lovers.
609. The Subject of the Book.
610. Here let my Life, with as much Silence slide,
 As time that measures it, does glide,
 Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,
 From Town to Town eccho about my Name ;
 Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be,
 With Scutcheon, or with Elogy.
 An old Plebeian, let me die,
 Alas ! all then are such as well as I.
611. ——— False as thou art,
 Thou'rt hewn from the hardned Entrails of a Rock,
 And rough Hyrcanian Tigers gave thee suck.
612. Murranus boasting of his Blood that springs,
 From a long royal race of Latian Kings,
 Is by the Trojan from his Chariot thrown,
 Crush'd by the Weight of an unweildy Stone.
613. Affecting Studies of less noisy Praise.
914. Were I not resolv'd against the Yoke,
 Of hapless Marriage, never to be curs'd
 With second Love, so fatal was my first.
 To this one error I might yield again.

- N^o615. Who well can use the Gifts of Heav'n,
 That have the generous Skill to bear,
 The hated weight of Poverty;
 Who more than Death doth Baseness fear,
 Who nobly to defend
 Their Country or their Friend,
 Embrace their Fate and gladly dye.
616. A Fop is but a piece of a Man.
617. Their crooked Horns the Mimmallonian Crew,
 With Blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who slew
 The scornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,
 Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.
 And Menas, when with Ivy Bridles bound,
 She led the spotted Lynx, then Evlon rung a round,
 Evlon from Woods and Floods repairing Eccho's
 Sound.
618. 'Tis not enough to fetter Words in Rhime,
 And make a tedious and a jingling Chime;
 'Tis not enough in numerous Feet t'enclose,
 Familiar plain Discourse and almost Prose,
 To make a Poet. ———
619. ——— With Discipline reclaim,
 And their superfluous Growth with Vigor tame.
620. ——— The Man behold
 Promis'd oft and long foretold.
621. ——— With wonder fill'd,
 The Stars and moving Planets he beheld,
 Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,
 Survey'd our dusty, faint, imperfect Day,
 And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.
622. A Life by stealth.
623. But first let yawning Earth a Passage rend;
 And let me, through the dark Abyss descend;
 First let avenging Jove, with Flames from high,
 Drive down this Body, to the nether Sky,
 Condemn with Ghosts in endless Night to ly,
 Before I break the plighted Faith I gave,
 No; he who had my Vows, shall ever have;
 For whom I lov'd on Earth, I worship in the
 Grave.
624. Sit still and hear those whom proud thoughts do swell,
 Those that look pale by loving Coin too well,
 Whom Luxury corrupts, ———

- N^o However Fortune smiles, or knits her Brow,
 Let not your Passions rise too high, or sink too low.
 644. Poverty has nothing more insupportable in it than
 this, that it is for ever the Subject of Ridicule.
 645. You, Tityrus, stretch'd at ease beneath the Shade.
 646. To Boys and Maids unstain'd with Crimes,
 The Muses Priest in sacred Rhimes
 *Doth sing—
 647. He who by principle is sway'd,
 In Truth and Justice still the same,
 Is neither of the Crowd afraid,
 Though Civil Brolls the State inflame;
 Nor to a haughty Tyrant's Frown will stoop,
 Nor to a raging Storm when all the Winds are up.
 Should Nature with Convulsions shake,
 Struck with the fiery Bolts of Jove;
 The final Doom and dreadful Crack,
 Cannot his constant Courage move.
 648. Through various Cases and Events we move.
 649. All Parts resound with Complaints and Fears,
 He is not number'd with the blest,
 To whom the Gods large Stores have giv'n,
 But he, who of enough possesseth,
 Can wisely use the Gifts of Heav'n:
 Who Fortune's Frowns with patience bears,
 And the worst Ills the Gods can send.
 650. 'Tis all a Dream.
 651. No Motto.
 652. Trust not too much to that enchanting Face,
 Beauty's a Charm, but soon that Charm will pass,
 White Lillies lye neglected on the Plain,
 While dusky Hyacinths for use remain.
 653. ————— A Tale like this.
 Not ev'n the hardest of our Foes could hear,
 Or stern Ulysses tell without a Tear.
 Altho' the sad Remembrance grieves my Soul,
 I will begin.
 654. ————— Lead from the City back, my Charms,
 My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing Arms.
 655. The waggish Boys will pluck thy formal Beard.
 656. How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears?
 657. She feeds within her Breast a Flame unseen.

N^o 658. He makes Light follow Smoke, not Smoke the Light,

That he from thence may with new Wonder strike.

659. ——— The fatal Dart.

Sticks in her Side ———

660. If any one by Love ensnar'd read this.

661. Human Nature never comes nearer to the Divine,
than when it is doing good to Mankind,

No wasting Curse the just Man's Store pursues,

But he's not just, who no Injustice does,

But he who scorns the guilty Pow'r to use.

662. He was a Man of Ingenuity, acuteness, and Vivacity, one that had a deal of Salt and Satyr in him, and no less good Humour.

663. From Heav'n to Mankind sure that Rule was sent,
Of Know thy self.

664. 'Tis done.

————— This said,
The Son of God, &c.

665. To die is common to all, but to die gracefully is peculiar to the Virtuous.

666. O Peers of Rome ! need these stupendous Times,
A Censor or Aruspex for such Crimes ?

He stands, and bids you stand : you must abide,
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.

667. Experience is the best Adviser.

668. ——— Then wilt thou, &c.

669. Many walk the Streets with Manors on their Backs :
Their whole Business is to invent new Fashions.

670. He seems to me to live and enjoy his Soul, who intent upon any business seeks after Reputation by some famous Action, or honest Art.

671. Assurance is a very necessary Qualification in one who would be thought a Wit.

672. I know it is a voluntary Compulsion,
I am skill'd in the Humour of Women ; when you will they won't, and when you won't they will.
Be lovely, that you may be lov'd.

673. ——— Can ye forbear to laugh my Friends ?
Why may not I speak Truth, altho' jocosely,
Instructive Ridicule, and waggish Sneer,
Doth often greater things than a severe.

- N^o 674. If nought be pleasant without Sports or Love,
Then live in wanton Love, thy Sports pursue.
675. So many Instances in every State,
Would tire ev'n bawling Fabius to relate.
676. Neither insult nor wrong th' unfortunate,
Since all are subject to the Storms of Fate,
Nor sink thy self beneath an adverse Weight.
677. Thrice happy they, whose Hearts are ty'd,
In Loves mysterious Knot so close,
No Strife, no Quarrels e'er divide,
And only Death, tell Death can loose.
678. Now Cytherea, now, if ever, smile;
Descend into my Mind, exalt my Stile.
Great things my Muse designs, to sing of Love,
And fix the rambling Boy no more to rove.
The Task is hard to say where Bees shall wing,
Or teach the heedless Insects where to sting.
679. Now celebrate with us this solemn Day.
Honour my Friends our Annual Feast.
680. It is sometimes preferable to be joyn'd by Death,
than parted by Life.
681. Other Studies are not fit for all Times, Ages and
Places; but Studies of this kind cherish Youth,
delight Old Age, adorn Prosperity, and yield
Comfort in Adversity, are a Satisfaction in do-
mestick Affairs, and hinder not abroad; they
are our Bedfellows, our Fellow-travellers, and
retires with us into our Country Solitudes.
682. Love conquers all _____
683. _____ and we must yield to Love.
Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.
684. And by her graceful Walk the Goddess is confess'd.
685. Astræa now returns _____
686. What is there in Nature so dear, as a Man's own
Children to him?
What Bands of Faith can impious Love withhold?
All that's in Love's unsteady empty Vain,
There's War and Peace, and Peace and War again.
To this add all the Rage of wild Desire,
The Murders that attends this frantick Fire;
Observe, poor Nerus lately struck his Miss,
Then kill'd himself, what dost thou think of this?
Was

- N^o Was this Man frantick ? or will you allow,
That he was sober in his Wits, like you ?
Yet freely grant him guilty of a Sin,
To the same thing adopting Words akin.
687. Love mindeth not such things.
688. I wrote this more thro' Excess of Love than
Leisure.
689. You ought to consult as well as me what is proper
for you to do.
690. Eternity, &c.
691. An Example, &c.
692. A Frolick, if well tim'd, is sweet.
693. And this Apple shall be justly prais'd.
694. Slight is the Subject, but the praise not small.
695. Love too easily obtain'd soon surfeits, and like sweet
Meats is cloying.
- Those always prove good or bad according as the
Man is ; they are Blessings to those that know
how to use them, but Plagues to them that do
not.



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100



TATTLERS



VOL. I.

Title. *It's unbecoming a wise Man to waste
the whole Night in Sleep.*

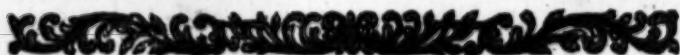
- N^o 1.  HAT Mankind does shall my Col-
lections fill.
From, &c.
41. To Celebrate domestic Deeds.
42. The same Motto.
43. The Rich and Money'd Man hath
every Grace.
44. No Plants can cure a Lover's Pain.
45. In Saturn's Reign, at Nature's early Birth,
There was that thing call'd Chastity on Earth.
46 It is impossible for Majesty at once to keep its Gran-
deur and indulge its Love.
47. The same with N^o 1.
48. _____ They think.
That Words make Virtue, just as Trees a Grove.
49. See N^o 1.
50. No Motto.

- N^o 94. If he had not err'd, his Glory had been less.
 95. Mean time his Children hang upon his Lips,
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight.
 96. He seems to live and enjoy his Soul, who intent upon
 any business seeks after Reputation by some famous
 Action or honest Art.
 97. That kind of Men is very scarce, who adorn'd
 with an excellent Wit or extraordinary Scholarship
 and Learning, or both, have had time of
 to consider what Course of Life they had rather
 follow.
 98. No Motto.
 99. By Nature great and fit for Tragedy.
 100. Astræa now returns, Saturnian times
 Roul round again.
 101. But while the common Suffrage crown'd his Cause,
 And broke the Benches with their loud Applause,
 His Muse had starv'd, had not a Piece unread,
 And by a Player bought supply'd him Bread.
 102. No Motto.
 103. These Toys will once to serious Mischief fall,
 When he is laugh'd at, when he's jeer'd by all.
 104. He tells an old Woman's Tale very pertinently.
 105. No Motto.
 106. Invert the Order, and the Words transpose,
 A Poet still you'll know ———
 107. ———— Unhappy Youth,
 In what ill State thy Fortune lyes,
 Thou didst deserve a Dart from kinder Eyes.
 108. Hence while his Fellow Creatures of the Earth,
 With downward sight betray'd their humbler birth;
 Man of erected Frame looks up on high,
 Heav'nward he casts his elevated Eye.
 109. In such like Trifles Time is thrown away.
 110. What makes the Wretches covet Light?
 111. Far hence ye Souls prophane ! far hence be gone.
 112. There should be joyn'd a certain Sweetness of Dis-
 course and Manner, no mean Prop of Friendship.
 But however Sadness and Severity should be far
 From it every where. True, it has something of
 Gravity in it, but Friendship ought to be more

N^o remiss free and pleasant, and inclinable to Gentleness and Affability.

113. Once more Crispinus comes upon the Stage.

114. As in Life, so in Study, I esteem it the best and most humane thing to mingle Mildness and Severity, so that the one may not run into Melancholy, nor the other into Wantonness.



V O L. III.

N^o 115. A New Misfortune and Calamity happened, so that it was neither seen nor understood, so much were the stupid People delighted with a Rope-dancer

116. A young Girl is the least Part of herself.

117. Live and reserve your selves for better Fate.

118. You've plaid enough, eat enough, and drank enough, 'tis time to be gone.

119. In the least there's pains.

120. As Men that loose their Ways in Woods, divide ; Some go on this, and some on t'other side.

121. Like you, O Cynthia ! or like you, Who for a Sparrow's Death dissolv'd in Tears.

122. Why didst thou, austere Cato, come upon the theatre ?

123. Sit still and hear those whom proud Thoughts do swell,

Those that look pale by loving Coin too well.

124. When Fortune's merry th' humble she'll advance, And tofs 'em topmost on the Wheel of Chance——

125. He who's to Folly, or to Vice inclin'd, Or whom dark Ignorance of Truth doth blind, The Stoicks call him mad ; Thus every one, Whether he holds the Plough, or fills the Throne, Is counted mad. But their Wise man alone. }

126. You have an Eel by the Tail.

127. Yet few, do think these mad, for most like these, Are sick, and troubled with the same Disease :

128. The Portion's won the Man——

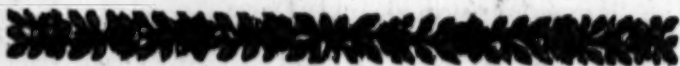
N^o 129.

- N^o 129. His Head and Hands were lost a Sacrifice to wit.
 130. I have with great ones liv'd, this all confess,
 And Envy, though unwilling grant no less.
 131. It is a pitty to spoil rich Falernian Wines, or dash
 the pure Champain with pois'nous Stuff.
 132. I hold my self oblig'd to old Age, which has im-
 prov'd my Desire after Knowledge, and taken
 it away from eating and Drinking.
 133. While they are silent they still cry out.
 134. ————— A Tale like this,
 Not ev'n the hardest of our Foes could bear,
 Or stern Ulysses tell without a Tear.
 135. What if I err, in this when I think that the Souls
 of Men are immortal, I err willingly, nor will
 I be undeceived in this Error I so much delight
 in, while I live, if when I am dead I shall be
 sensible of nothing (as some obscure Philosophers
 think) I do not fear the dead Philosophers de-
 riding my Mistake.
 136. ————— I will o'ercome,
 'Tis sad (ask Fabius else) to be surpriz'd.
 137. Night Erebus and Chaos she proclaims,
 And threefold Hecate with her hundred Names.
 138. A-part from these the happy Souls *be draws*,
 And Cato's *Holy Ghost* dispensing Laws.
 139. Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
 But with Belief, and Joy is entertain'd,
 When to his Face the worthless Wretch is prais'd,
 Whom vile Court Flatt'ry to a God has rais'd.
 140. I'm all employ'd in other Men Affairs.
 And their Requests dance thick about my Ears.
 141, 142, 143, 144. No Mottoes.
 145. And what ill Eyes bewitch my tender Lambs.
 146. Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above,
 Leave them to manage for thee and to grant,
 What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want :
 What's fittest for us they the best can tell,
 In Goodness as in Greatness they excel :
 Ah ! that we lov'd our selves but half so well !
 We blindly by our headstrong Passions led,
 Are hot for Action, and desire to wed,

- N^o Then wish for Heirs; but to the Gods alone,
 Our future Offspring, and our Wives are known,
 Th' audacious Strumpet and ungracious Son. }
147. Be lovely that you be belov'd.
148. They ransack every Element for Choice.
 Of every Fish and Fowl at any Price.
149. No Motto.
150. These are the Cause and Food of the pleasing Evil.
151. If she had not been lovely to a Miracle, these Cir-
 cumstances would have made her very disagreeable.
152. Ye Realms, yet unreveal'd to Human Sight,
 Ye Gods, who rule the Regions of the Night,
 Ye gliding Ghosts permit me to relate
 The mystick Wonders of your silent State.
153. Stammering, shouting, shrieking, thundring, sighing,
154. In obscure Terms involving Truth.
155. ————— He minds
 Others Concerns, since he has lost his own.
156. ————— Follow'd his Father.
 And with unequal Paces tript along.
157. When once found out 'tis easy to improve.
158. While they endeavour to shew their Learning, they
 make it appear that they understand nothing.
159. Full against these I steer my rapid Course,
 And conquer theirs with a superiour Force.
160. No Motto.
161. Liberty is never more acceptable than under a pious
 Prince.
162. A third Cato from the Clouds is dropt.
163. He's sillier than a sorry Country Clown.
 Whene'er he aims at Verse the Bumpkin's shown;
 Nor does the Ninny think at any time,
 He's half so blest, as when he's scribbling Rhime:
 He cocks, struts, Arms a kēmbō has the elf,
 He so admires, hugs and stroaks himself.
 Indeed we all alike our selves beguile,
 There is not one, consider him a while,
 But you are able, Varus to discover
 Sufferus in him, in something or other.
164. Thus when one thrusts himself upon the State,
 And cries, Come, I'll sustain the Nation's Weight,
 The

- N The Empire and Religion be my Care,
 Ill manage all: This makes the People stare,
 This makes them ask, what is he, whence came he?
 What was his Mother, what his Family?
 Or is he base, his Sire of mean Degree? }
165. No Motto.
166. Speaking both what is fit, and what is not.
167. Things only told though of the same Degree,
 Do raise our Passions less than what we see.
168. No Motto.
169. Oh! when shall I enjoy my Country Seat?
 Oh! when remov'd from Noise to quiet Peace,
 Amidst my learned Books, my Sleep and Ease;
 While Hours do smoothly flow, and free from Strife,
 Forget the Troubles of a busy Life.
170. Fortune, the wanton-fickle Dame,
 Plays on, and cheats us in the Game;
 Now gives, and the next Moment takes away,
 From me, to you transfers th' uncertain Crown.
171. —Strives for Trifles, and for Toys contends,
 And is in earnest, what he says defends.
172. Who can foresee what is to come,
 Or who prevent impending Doom?
173. And the first Step towards being truly wise,
 Is to want Folly——
174. He who's to Folly or to Vice inclin'd,
 Or whom dark Ignorance of Truth doth Blind,
 The Stoicks call him mad.
175. No Motto.
176. Where Prudence is, there all the Gods assist.
177. Whom if you try to stroke——
 He kicks you off, secure on every Side.
178. No Motto.
179. Oh! who will place me in cool Hæmu's Vales,
 And in the spreading Shade protect my Head!
180. Wealth suffers Folly——
181. And now the rising Day renews the Year,
 (A Day for ever sad, for ever dear.)
182. Sure he would look upon the Crowd,
 Neglect the Actors, and forsake the Plays.
183. It was once accounted Wisdom to set apart
 Publick things from private.

- N^o 184. But one was found among the rest,
Worthy by Hymen to be blest.
185. Close Neighbourhood, acquaintance early bred,
Acquaintance Love, whose torch in time had led }
The longing Lovers to the Nuptial Bed,
But churlish Parents (tho' with fruitless Pains,
Since wedded were their Hearts) forbad the Banes.
186. Power is bought by Virtue only.
187. Shame that is Scandal should disgrace thy Name,
And no refuting Truth assert ———
188. What Country of our Labours has not heard?
189. Bulls from Bulls descend, and martial Horses breed;
The Royal Bird of mighty Jove
Never brings forth a tim'rous Dove.



V O L. IV.

- N^o 190. I Fear the Grecians when they Presents bring.
191. ——— For the sake of Life
To lose the Causes for the which they live.
192. I'd freely live, and freely die with thee.
193. He that can tell ———
With what degrees of Zeal we should defend,
Our Country, Fathers, Brothers, or a Friend,
Secure of Honour, he may boldly write,
For he is sure to draw the Image right.
194. Every Lover is a Soldier.
195. No Motto.
196. To court the great ones, and to sooth their Pride,
Seems a sweet task to those that never try'd;
But those that have, know well the Danger's near,
It is a ticklish Point, and mixt with fear.
197. Shall I for ever only hear? ———
198. Examine well what 'tis you love and then,
Your Neck from forth its Yoke withdraw.
- 199, 200, 201. No Mottoes.
202. We can e'n here at Ulubra find,
If we can have but a contented Mind.
203. We will bear you as you your Fortune bear.

N^o 204. ——— (For Title hugely takes
Grave soft Heads)

205. Fools blind to Truth, nor know their erring Soul,
How much the half is better than the whole;
How great the Pleasure wholesome Herbs afford,
How blest the frugal and the honest Board.
206. ——— 'Tis just and fair,
By our own Foot to measure what we are.
207. No Motto.
208. Do you complain of Heat, he says, he sweats.
- 109, 210. No Mottoes.
211. ——— What I fancy, but cannot express.
212. 213. No Mottoes.
214. When after Showers 'tis easy to descry
Returning Suns and a serener Sky.
215. No Motto.
216. To add Weight to Trifles.
217. Both Gods and Stars the Mother cruel calls.
218. Each Writer hates the Town, and Woods approves.
219. Who only to be thought a witty Man,
Tells Tales, and brings his Friends in Disesteem,
That Man's a Knave, before beware of him.
220. The Just will be Unjust, Wise void of Wit,
That seek e'en Virtue more than what is fit.
221. Wrapt up in Thought, as I am us'd to be,
And musing on, I know not what, nor whom.
222. Mellow with Wine, he doth their Rest invade
At her deaf Doors, with some vile Serenade.
223. For when upon, &c.
224. The Workmanship exceeded the Substance.
225. If you know better Rules than these be free,
Impart them, but if not, use these with me.
226. Cæneus a Woman once, and once a Man,
But ending in the Sex she first began.
227. O Zoilus mayst thou envy all, none thee!
228. There will Assistance come.
229. ——— Proudly claim the just Renown,
Thy Merits and immortal Lays have won.
230. No Motto.
231. Prevent the very Beginnings.
232. No Motto.

- N^o 233. — Books yield a certain Spell,
 To stop thy Tumour, you shall begin to swell,
 When you have read them thrice and studied well. }
234. No Motto.
235. That Genius only knows that's wont to wait.
 Our Birth-day Stars. —
236. I know not by what Charm our native Soil at-
 tracts our Mind, and will not be rooted thence.
237. Of Bodies chang'd to other Forms I sing.
238. A Poetical Storm arises.
239. Shall it be said he did contend with me?
240. Such Pageantry to the People shew,
 There boast thy Trappings.
241. No Motto.
242. To view so leud a Town, and yet refrain,
 What Hoops of Iron could my Spleen contain?
243. ————— Then entring at the Gate
 Conceal'd in Clouds (prodigious to relate)
 He mixed, unmark'd among the busy Throng.
244. What could a Nurse for her dear Child wish more
 Than that he might be sober whilst he lives,
 And able to express what he conceives.
245. No Motto.
246. There's none but have some Faults, and he's the best,
 Most vertuous he, that's spotted with the least.
247. In good faith, we poor Wives have got a very ill
 Name with our Husbands, because of a few bad
 Creatures, that make the World judge hardly of
 us all.
248. ————— Before his Eyes she stood
 And seem'd a Virgin —————
249. Thro' various Hazards and Events we move.
250. Thou knowst with equal Hand to hold the Scale.
251. Who then is free? The wise that can controul,
 And govern all the Passions of the Soul:
 Whom Poverty, nor Chains, nor Death affright,
 Who's Proof against the Charms of vain Delight,
 Whom feeble Fortune strives in vain to wound;
 So closely gather'd in a perfect Round.
 And so exactly smooth by honest Arts,
 That nought without can stick upon the even Parts.

- N^o 252. And of the older Cato it is said,
That Wine oft kept his Virtue warm.
253. If then some grave and pious Man appear,
They hush their Noise, and lend a listning Ear.
254. Bravely false———
255. Nor Pantheus thèe thy Mitre nor the Bands,
Of awful Phœbus sav'd from impious Hands.
256. 'Tis ours so great Contentions to compose.
257. Of Bodies chang'd to other Forms I sing,
Aid me ye Gods, from whom these Changes spring.
258. The same repeated Stuff, the Wretches kill'd.
259. Tame Doves are clipt.——
260. It is not for every Man to have a Nose.
261. No Motto.
262. Soft Elocution does thy Style renown,
And the sweet Accents of the peaceful Gown ;
Gentle or sharp according to thy Choice,
To laugh at Follies or to lash at Vice.
263. The Britains satisfy'd with little Night.
264. Be silent———
265. He therefore Judge is made of the jocular Dispute.
266. Men in Years ridicule Wantonness with the best
Grace.
267. Who excell'd all Mankind in Genius and outshone
them as the Sun does the Stars.
268. Ten thousand Times I softly curs'd my Fate,
And envy'd deaf Bolonus happy State :
Whilst his eternal Clack went on———
269. These Toys will once to serious Mischiefs fall.
270. ——— Grown happy in his new Attire,
He takes new Hopes, and mounts his Wishes higher
271. No Motto.



V O L. V.

N^o 1. **W**H O am I then, if I am not Sosia ? I ask
you that.

a. The reverend Aspect of a Man, and a Countenance
wonderfully form'd to restrain People has prevail'd

- N^o over some ; over others, wherein the former could not be, the Force of Writing, and the Authority of a great Name.
3. So other's ill Repute do often fright,
Young Men from following Vice and false Delight.
4. ————— Your self you do deceive :
Beware the publick Laughter of the Town.
5. Devours and tears the peaceful Flocks. .
6. And you our young Mens common Care appear.
7. Those Tears our Pity move, we grant him Life.
8. I'm all employ'd in other Mens Affairs,
And their Requests dance thick about my Ears.
9. This thy Penelope —————
Of Bodies chang'd to other Forms I sing.
10. These are the Fines he pays for living long,
Griefs always green, a Household still in Tears, }
Sad Pumps ; a threshold throng'd with daily Biers ; }
And Liveries of black for Length of Years. }
11. No Motto.
12. Brings back their wanton loose Behaviour home.
13. To see the Scum of Greece transplanted here
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
14. What is the Advantage, or the real Good,
In tracing from the Source our ancient Blood ?
To have our Ancestors in Paint or Stone,
Preserv'd as Reliques, or, like Monsters shewn ?
15. You both alike deserve and all who prove
The bitter Sweets and pleasing Pangs of Love.
16. Love, anguish, wrath, and grief to madness wrought,
Despair, and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
Of in-born Worth ; —————
17. And when remov'd from Business and the Crowd,
Lælius and Scipio both esteem'd him good,
Would keep him Company, would laugh and jest,
And sport until their little Meat was dress'd.
18. Those who beyond Seago, do change their Minds.
19. ————— Let no Disputes arise,
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
20. To be Masters of the liberal Arts,
Softens Mens Manners.
21. In Peace ye Shades of our great Grandfathers rest,
No heavy Earth your sacred Bones molest :

Eternal

- N^o Eternal Spring and rising Flowers adorn
The Relicks of each venerable Urn,
Who pious Reverence to their Tutor paid,
As Parents honour'd, and as Gods obey'd.
22. No Motto.
23. ——— The greater Madman you,
Spare me at least, the lesser of the two.
24. O Lycidas, 'tis well we met alive.
The Time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange Revolution for my Farm and me)
When the Grim Captain in a surly Tone
Cries out, pack up ye Rascals and be gone,
These Lands are mine. ———
25. Go, go, Change all your Stations now.
26. Good Heav'n what dire Effects from civil Discord
flow!
27. The Theban Swan vast Whirls of Air
Through highest Regions swiftly bear
When he designs to rise,
When he his lofty Head doth rear,
And shoots it through the cloudy Skies.
I like a Bee, with Toil and Pain,
Fly humbly o'er the flowry Plain,
And with a busie Tongue,
The little Sweets my Labours gain,
I work at last into a Song.
28. Souls are immortal, and but one forsake,
And then another Seat of Life and Mansion take:
In Trojan Wars (for I the Fact retain)
I was Euphorbus ———
29. That which you give is only call'd your own.
30. And who admires him so, what Friend of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
And yet in the same Page I freely own,
His Wit as sharp as ever lash'd the Town.
31. Separate prophane from Things divine:
32. But with the changful Temper of the Skies,
As Rains condense, and Sunshine rarefies,
So turns the Species in their alter'd Minds.
33. Precedence then did such Respect engage.
34. These shall be your Arts,

- N^o 35. To court the great ones and to sooth their Pride,
 Seems a sweet Task to such as never try'd,
 But those that have, know well the Danger's near.
36. What Star I know not, but some Star I find,
 Has giv'n thee an Ascendent o'er my Mind.
37. Be present all, and wait the just Reward.
38. Thus plac'd you yield a sweeter Smell.
39. The greedy Lionsess the Wolf pursues,
 The Wolf the Kid, the wanton Kid the Brouze,
 Alexis thou art chas'd by Corydon.
 All follow several Games, and each his own.
40. Her Voice and Mien celestial Birth betray.
41. He equall'd the Wealth of Kings in his contented
 Mind.
42. You are in Danger when the next's on fire.
43. His former Love returns.
44. There are who all their Pleasure place
 In Chariots, and the rapid Race,
 Who in Olympick Games contend,
 And joy to see the Dust ascend.
 These when they win the Field and Prize,
 Grow into Gods, and reach the Skies.
45. Gives Suck to Infants of gigantick Mold.
46. In Peace ye Shades of our great Grandfires rest,
 No heavy Earth your sacred Bones molest;
 Eternal Spring, and rising Flowers adorn
 The Relicks of each venerable Urn,
 Who pious Reverence to their Tutors paid,
 As Parents honour'd, and as Gods rever'd.
47. So Kids and Whelps their Sires and Dams express.
48. All are not like, nor yet unlike.
49. No Motto.
50. The Gods have giv'n a Soul of noble Mind,
 And Wealth, and Skill enough to use thy Store.
51. These Toys will once to serious Mischief fall,
 When he is laugh'd at, when he's jeer'd by all.

The End of the TATLERS.



GUARDIANS.

VOL. I.

No. 1.



I M whom you seek.

2. No Motto.
3. Whatever being that is which
Perceives, Understands,
Wills and Acts, is heavenly
and divine, and therefore
of necessity Eternal.
4. It matters not, &c.
To set, &c.
5. ——— Mothers have praise
When Children show their Father's Face.
6. No Motto.
7. Life swiftly wings away impatient in its Flight.
8. ——— Curb thy Soul ———
9. It had in a short Time got so much Wealth either by
foreign or domestick Traffick, or by the Increase
of the People, or the Strictness of Discipline.
10. Ever and anon he comes open-mouth'd to me, crying,
You let them go too fine, You are too careless of
that Point. He is extreemly severe, say I, be-
yond all right and reason.

No. 11.

- N^o 11. ————— Draw near,
While I prove all are mad, sit still and hear.
12. Because they judge by their own Appetites
and think nought right but what their Taste delights,
Or that their Junior's Judgement they disdain.
13. It was always my Opinion, that 'tis much better to
keep Children in Order by Shame and Generosity
of Inclination, than by Fear.
14. ————— Nor did he know,
Which way to turn or where to go,
Nor had he known could he command a way.
15. Though any Man may hope to do the same,
Yet let him try, and he shall sweat in vain,
Idle his Labour, Fruitless all his Pain.
16. And Verse may well deserve your Care,
Which Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.
17. Lust is the smallest Sin they own.
- X. 18. And Souls that dare to meet their Fate.
19. Left Avarice still Poor, disturb thine Ease,
Or Fears should shake, or Cares thy Mind abuse,
Or ardent Hopes of things of little Use.
20. ————— Revenge we find
The weakest Frailty of a feeble Mind,
Degenerous Passion —————
21. ————— The unavailing Gift bestow.
22. Me may't well please, when Void of Care and Strife,
I lead a soft secure, inglorious Life,
A Country Cottage, near a Crystal Flood,
A winding Valley, and a lofty Wood.
23. From hence Astraea took her Flight, and here
The Prints of her departing Steps appear.
24. Dost know to speak and when to hold thy Tongue?
25. ————— Who likes Lucilius, what Friend of his
So blindly partial to deny me this?
26. I do not account that to be a Dowry, which is com-
monly called so. But Modesty, a becoming
Shame, and a settled Desire.
27. Revolving anxious Thoughts within his Breast.
28. Our Fathers bore an impious Race,
And we shall have more wicked Sons,
Impiety still gathers in its Course,
The present Times are bad, the future will be worse.

N^o 29. Laugh if you are wise.

30. ——— Saturnian Times again return.
31. Ask for a virtuous Soul.
32. For it will willingly obey
Following with Ease, if favour'd by thy Fate,
If not, no Labour can constrain———
33. Well it befits the Wise and Good.
34. Who hath various Customs seen.
35. O Philosophy the guide of Life and searcher of Virtue. #
36. In what esteem's the Art of Punning held.
37. I'll teach you how to cure those stubborn Grievs.
38. ——— To have gone so far, tho' it should not proceed.
39. Sick Mens Dreams.
40. Corydon's and Thyrsis' Flocks together feed,
Since when 'tis Corydon amongst the Swains,
Young Corydon without a Rival reigns.
41. Even, &c.
42. Like Leeches, sucking still till full of Blood.
43. For Tragedy's too high to stoop to Jest,
(As Matrons dancing at a solemn Feast
Keep decent Steps.)
44. This Way unto Elysium tends.
45. No Motto.
46. She alone was found worthy of the heavenly Bed.
47. No Motto.
48. No Motto.
49. To make Men happy and to keep them so.
50. Oh! when shall I enjoy my Country-Seat.
51. ——— my tuneful Accents will I raise,
And treat of Arts disclos'd in antient Days,
Once more unlock the sacred Spring.
52. Cæsar should alone throughout the World be free?
53. Let them forbear speaking ill of others, lest their
own Misdeeds be laid open to the World.
54. Nor am I at length so great an Admirer or Lover
of any other Man's Fortune, that I wish my
self other than what I am.
55. For who would Vertue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the Portion of Reward.
56. Man grasps the Heav'ns in his capacious Soul,
But what avails with upright Step to walk,
If Sin degrade us to the bestial Kind?

N^o 57 How many pernicious and bad Things are done for Custom sake.

58. Nor think that for himself he's born alone,
But all the World———

59. And hence the Poets got their first Repute.

60. He read nothing but what he could digest.

61. Yet was it just to pave the murd'ring Way
On noxious Animals and Beasts of Prey.

62. Oh happy, if they knew their happy State!

63. Oh! King! O Father! hear my humble Pray'r:
Dispell this Cloud, the Light of Heav'n restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more,
Oh, let us Perish in the Face of Day!

64. ———— A Sight of little Things.

65. ———— Through such Clogs and Imperfections.

66. Set twelve to supper, one above the rest
Takes all the Talk, and breaks a scurvy Jest
On all, except the Master of the Feast;
And after this———

67. ———— Verse may well deserve your Care,
Which Gods inspire and Kings delight to hear.

68. I bid them look as in a Mirrour into the Actions and
Manners of other Men, and from thence take Ex-
ample and learn their Duty.

69. All that you see is full of God.

70. Of more exalted Mind.

71. Not warlike Daunia's savage Coast
Could such a well-grown Monster boast:
No Beast so large infests the Plains,
Where Lions breed, and Juba reigns.

72. But soon their Liberty was turn'd to Rage,
Such Rage as Civil Power was forc'd to tame.

73. In Love are all these Things.

74. Heav'nly Father, how art thou to be ador'd.

75. 'Tis here or no where, what we seek to find.

76. When Rich, then those are blest, and only those
Whose stately House their hidden Treasure shows,
None live so well, none take such soft repose.

77. Bound your Desires.

78. ———— I'll teach them,
What gives them Matter, what exalts their thoughts
What forms a Poet———

- N^o 79. ——— Threatning mighty things,
 Yet live a Life nor good nor pleasant——
 80. ——— Resentment in a heav'nly Mind
 81. The Remembrance of a Life peacable and elegantly
 spent, is the greatest Satisfaction of Old Age.
 82. May rise like a contented Guest.



VOL. II.

N^o 83 **Y**ET few do think these mad, for most, like these,

- Are Sick, and troubled with the same Disease.
 84. ——— Casting not their Skin,
 Till Leeches like, they're full of Blood.
 85. ——— Controul thy own Desire,
 And what thy Vow forbids, thy Charms inspire.
 86. ——— Who writes
 With Fancy high, and bold and daring Flights.
 87. ——— Fix'd to each Side with eager haste,
 Ambrosia in each other's Breath they taste.
 88. The mind agitates the Mase.
 89. Th' Ætherial Vigour is in all the same,
 And every Soul is of a heav'nly Birth.
 90. I'll play the Whetstone.
 91. Little things have their Graces.
 92. How many little Men there are, now I consider of
 it.
 93. The Thing call'd Life, with Ease I can disdain.
 94. The Man that takes learn'd Athens' close retreat;
 When he hath studied seven full tedious Years,
 Grown old and grey upon his Books and Cares,
 Yet after all this Time and Pains bestow'd,
 Grows a meer stock, and's laugh'd at by the Crowd.
 95. A hundred other Mens Affairs.
 96. Let all attend and wait their just Reward.
 97. It is a wretched Thing after all to lose the Fare.
 98. ——— To himself again returns.
 99. He who by Principle is sway'd,
 In Truth and Justice still the same,

X

Is

- N^o 1. Is neither of the Crowd afraid,
 Though civil Broils the State inflame,
 Nor to a haughty Tyrant's Frown will stoop,
 Nor to a raging Storm when all the Winds are up:
 Should Nature with Convulsions shake,
 Struck with the fiery Bolts of Jove,
 The final Doom, and dreadful Crack
 Cannot his constant Courage move.
100. The naked Shoulder you expos'd to Sight
 I seiz'd, and kiss'd with Transports of Delight.
101. Trojan or Tyrian, 'tis the same to me.
102. We bear our new born Infants to the Flood,
 There bath'd amidst the Stream, our Boys we hold,
 With Winter hardned, and Inur'd to Cold.
103. Emulating Jove, i'th' rattling Sound
 Of mimic Thunder, and the glittering Blade,
 Of pointed Lightning, and their forked Rays.
104. Which, when from a-far, the better please.
105. Armenian Tygers make their young their Care,
 And hungry Lionesses too their Whelps do spare;
 Curst Women only dare Abortion try,
 And oft, by tempting Fate, themselves destroy.
106. The Secrets of the Heart cannot be shewn.
107. A Way must be try'd.
108. ——— Two Youths of Height and Size,
 Like Firs that on their Mother Mountain rise.
109. She only strove her Nakedness to hide.
110. I'll not condemn, tho' some few Faults appear,
 Which common Frailty leaves, or Want of Care.
111. Here some Captain of the Land or Fleet,
 Stout of his Hands, but of a Soldier's Wit,
 Cries I have Sense to serve my Turn, in Store;
 And he's a Rascal who pretends to more.
 Dam me, whate'er those Book-learn'd Blockheads
 Solon's the veriest Fool in all the Play. (say,
112. With Wing he spurns the misty Ground.
113. When he a mighty Butt resolv'd to cast,
 Why did it dwindle to a Pint at last.
114. Take the Hives and go to work,
 The Drones dissent, the Bees like the Proposal.
115. A Wit equal to the Subject.
116. Mirth doth more than Severity.

- N^o 117. The Gods take Care of the Just.
 118. Want prompts the Wit and first gave Birth to Arts.
 119. A Band of Poets to my Aid will come.
 120. ——— Nothing, &c.
 121. And hence to hear the Lion's Roar.
 122. Nor can one's Face be with more Art design'd
 In Brass —————
 123. Be this thy Guard, and this thy strong Defence, X
 A virtuous Heart, and unstain'd Innocence;
 Not to be conscious of a shameful Sin.
 124. What roareth louder upon the Earth?
 125. Now is the most beautiful Season.
 126. I am a Man, and know my self subject to the
 frailties of Mankind.
 127. Agreeably deceiv'd.
 128. Carthage must fall.
 129. Who place their Souls in dear Revenge.
 130. An idle People without Thought.
 131. The Way of the Slothful is a Hedge of Thorns.
 132. All have their Manes.
 133. Oh! fatal Love of Fame! Oh glorious Heat!
 Only destructive to the Brave and Great.
 134. Besides a Matron's Face is seen alone, }
 But Kate's the female Bully of the Town,
 For all the rest is covered with the Gown.
 135. My self I in my Virtue fold.
 136. The Gates of Death are open Night and Day. ✱
 137. Convince the World that you are just and true.
 Be just in all you say, and all you do;
 Whatever be your Birth, you're sure to be
 A Peer of the first Magnitude with me.
 138. And fires his Soul with Love of Fame to come.
 139. — The Fact through length of Time obscure,
 Is hard to Faith yet shall the same endure.
 140. That, looking on, would make old Nestor young,
 And Priamus' tho' frigid, act the Man.
 141. Let Flames on your unlucky Papers pray,
 Or Moths through written Pages eat their way,
 Your Wars, your Loves, your Praises, be forgot,
 And make of all an universal Blot,
 Ye who do write to gain an Ivy Crown,
 Or the lean Statue of a main Renown.

Nº 142. ——— The Ills of Peace

And wastful Riot, whose destructive Charms,
Revenge the vanquish'd World, of our victorious
Arms.

143. Who first invented th' horrid Thing a Sword,
How cruel he? how steely was his Soul?
144. When every one has his own way of thinking
near and particular.
145. His Sword his Law, his own right Hand his God.
146. The first who dar'd to bring up a Lion by hand,
and teach him to be gentle, is said to be Hanno,
a Man of noble Birth among the Peenl.
147. 'Tis a good thing to prevent Misfortunes by a pru-
dent Oeconomy.
148. 'Tis permitted from our Foes to learn.
149. Is enamour'd with your Dress.
150. ——— Pleas'd with some secret Joy,
Their young Succession all their Thoughts employ.
151. A dear bought Bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted Blood is paid.
With Looks as wan, as he who in the Brake
At unawares has trod upon a Snake.
152. 'Tis better ended in a lasting Peace,
And nuptial Rites ———
153. A mighty Pomp compos'd of little Things.
154. Turns himself into all the Prodigies of Nature.
155. The Stoicks Books ne'er look with better grace,
Than when a Lady's Closet gives 'em place.
156. As the small Ant, who gathers all she can,
And brings it to increase her Heap at home
Against the Winter, knowing it will come:
For when that comes she creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feasts upon her Store.
157. Go to, &c.
158. These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate,
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the State,
He hears and judges each committed Crime,
Enquires into the Manner, Place and Time.
The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal,
Loath to confess, unable to conceal;
From the first Moment of his vital Breath,
To his last Hour, of unrelenting Death.

Nº 159.

- N^o 159. Whose strong Almighty Arm can save
And raise the prostrate Wretch to Wealth and Pow'r
Or change a stately Triumph to a Grave.
160. The foolish Action shall be turn'd to Sport,
He laugh'd and jeer'd at, you discharg'd the Court.
161. A Soul to generous Virtue us'd.
162. This is peculiar to Wisdom to Win upon the Minds
of Men, and turn them to it's own Advantage.
163. It is a wretched thing to live dependant on another's
Table.
164. And the same Metal the same Room supplies.
165. Any Example deceives, the Imitation whereof
draws us into Vice.
166. And there was some Benefit in that evil.
167. The Fates will find a way.
168. And tho' already said repeat again.
169. Heav'nward to cast his elevated Eye.
170. I fear the Grecians when they presents bring.
171. There was formerly a Rule in this Republick, that a
pernicious Citizen deserved a severer Punishment
than the worst Enemy.
172. Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts.
173. The late Narcissus, and the winding Frail
Of Bears Foot, Myrtles Green, and Ivy pale.
174. Hail noble Source of the Phæonian Flood
Dardania's Glory and her chiefest Good,
Our present God on whom gay Health attends
At Sight of the Disease to Hell defends.
175. And they who by their Desert have made them-
selves remembred by their Posterity.

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